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LEST any one think that a political motive underlies our publication in this issue of Señor Villegas's account of Woodrow Wilson's attempts to solve the Mexican problem, we would like to say now that in the next Outlook there will appear his account of what the Republicans did to Mexico. Both are parts of Señor Villegas's efforts to acquaint Americans with the facts about Mexico as many Mexicans know them—and both are essential parts of the record which must be reviewed if the present Mexican situation is to be understood.

MEANWHILE we wish to make it clear that our recent printed statement that prohibition does not prohibit is not intended to apply to those great sections of the country where prohibition sentiment is genuinely the belief of the majority and has been for many years, and where as a result, prohibition does reasonably prohibit. For such sections the prohibition law works well.

IT is in those sections where a bone-dry sentiment has never been strong that the result of the law has been so lamentable in its effects upon all law enforcement, and upon morality and honesty, that the remedy has become almost worse than the disease.

SAID Theodore Roosevelt in his autobiography: "I have always sympathized with the views set forth by Pelatiah Webster in 1783: 'Laws or ordinances of any kind which fail of execution are much worse than none; they weaken the Government, expose it to contempt, and destroy the confidence of all men, native or foreigners, in it, and expose both aggregate bodies and individuals who have placed confidence in it to many ruinous disappointments which they would have escaped had no such law or ordinance been made'."

WE think this is a faithful description of the Volstead Act as at present enforced in a great section of this country.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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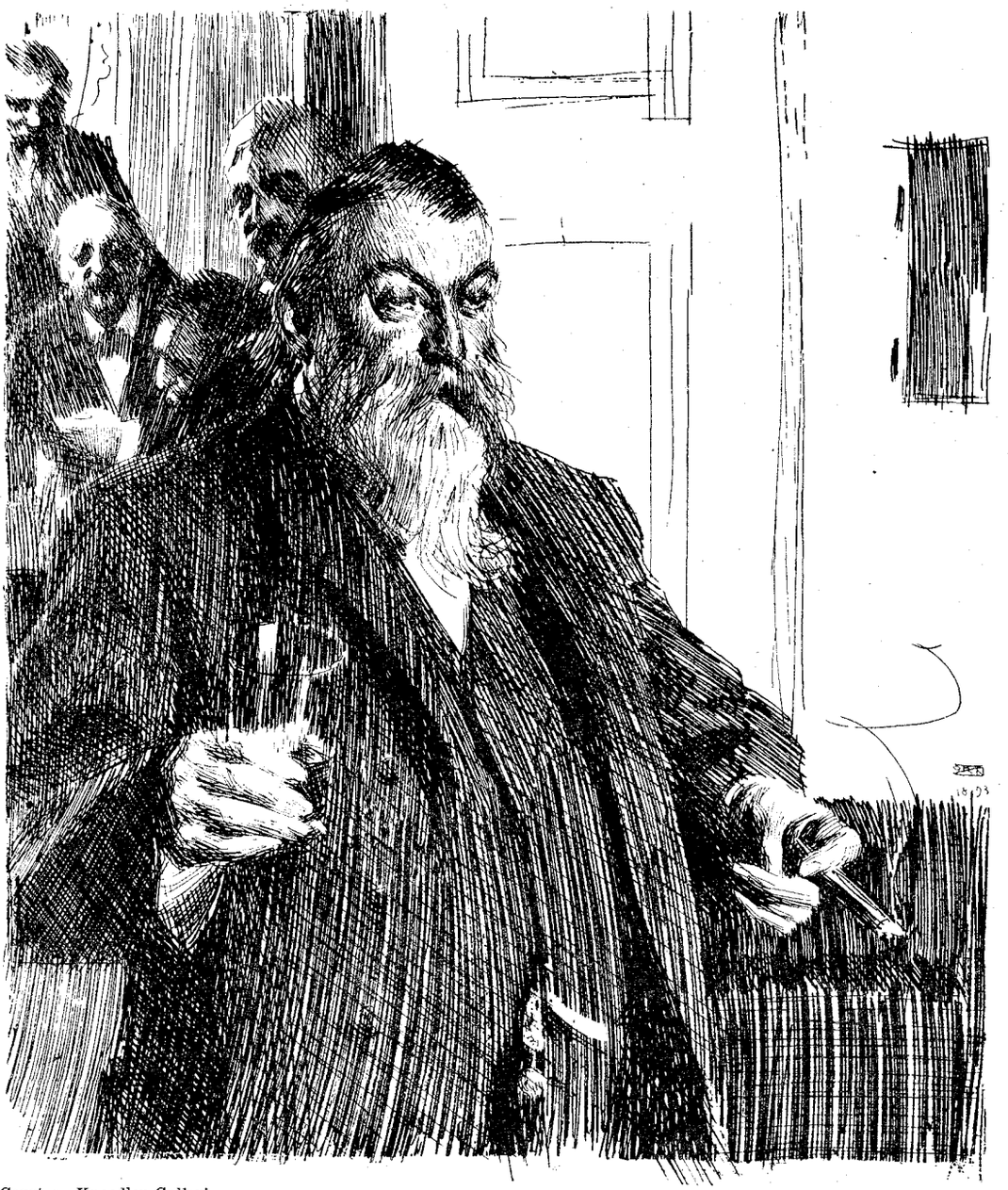

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A TOAST

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Outlook
October 3, 1928

What Wilson Did To Mexico

A Continuation of the Red Thread in the Mexican Maze

By MARCELO VILLEGAS

How President Wilson's policy influenced the course of the revolution in Mexico appears in this third article in the series, which the writer carried in the two preceding articles up to the point of the overthrow and assassination of Madero and the rise of Huerta to power.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S Mexican policy was at first one of silence except for a general statement that he would not recognize any ruler, coming into power by force. At about the same time all sorts of rumors, which rapidly grew and took the form of a well-organized propaganda began to spread in the United States.

With the fall of Madero, it was intimated, the Mexican people had lost all chance at self-government. Further, it was whispered that Huerta had assassinated Madero with the approval, if not with the connivance, of the Ambassador of the United States; that Carranza and Maitorena, the governors who had refused to recognize Huerta, were the real representatives of the Mexican people; and that Huerta was held in power by the same wicked minority who dominated the government of Porfirio Diaz, enslaved the people, and exploited them to their own gain and to the advantage of the foreigners.

Such propaganda undoubtedly impressed President Wilson. Instead of relying on the reports of the Ambassador at Mexico City and acting through regular diplomatic channels, he sought the help of private advisers and used personal representatives to put into practice his policy.

His first move was to send John Lind, a former Governor of Minnesota, to the Government at Mexico City, carrying the astounding proposal that Huerta should at once eliminate himself by the appointment of a Provisional President acceptable to the revolutionaries, and that a presidential election should be called, in which Huerta must not be a candidate.

This unwarranted interference flatly repelled Huerta.

LIND was then instructed to negotiate a compromise which would permit Huerta to continue in power until a successor other than himself should be constitutionally elected; and was also instructed to offer the following proposition:

"The President further authorizes me to say that if the Government *de facto* acts immediately and in conformity with the indication mentioned, then the President will assure the American bankers and their associates that the Government of the United States would view with pleasure the contracting of an immediate loan in sufficient amount to cover the necessities of the moment of the *de facto* Government of Mexico.

"The hope is sincerely entertained that the Government of Your Excellency will consider it in keeping with the best and highest interest of Mexico to accept immediately these propositions, which are submitted with the same object as the first ones, but in this more restricted form, with the object that the Government of Mexico may act with regard to them without the necessity of the co-operation or aid in the present circumstances of any factor foreign to the situation."

AGAIN Huerta refused. The Lind memorandum and Huerta's reply were made public, and the immediate effect was greatly to strengthen Huerta at home and abroad.

"Huerta right or wrong, rather than foreign imposition," was the response among Mexicans, and the press of South America and Europe commended the Mexican President.

When Lind was sent with his ultimatum, Huerta had most of the country well in hand and had demonstrated his ability to the satisfaction of other Powers that had accorded him recognition. The ultimatum was unwarranted and direct interference in Mexico's internal affairs; the promise to see that bankers made the much needed loan, on condition that Mexico change its Government, may be classified as moral suasion, coercion, attempted bribery, or blackmail.

CARRANZA and the Sonora radicals took advantage of this strange attitude of President Wilson against Huerta, and instead of submitting to the national authority, openly declared themselves in revolt.

The Carranza rebellion was crushed within a few weeks, and Carranza with a handful of followers, fled westward into Sonora, where the radicals were augmenting their ranks with all the

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elements of discontent from both sides of the border, while the I. W. W. in the United States were smuggling war material for them.

At this juncture President Wilson made his second move against Huerta by lifting the embargo on arms, which President Taft had set up in 1912. This enabled the Sonorans to increase their forces, and Francisco Villa to organize an army in the State of Chihuahua.

Nevertheless, Huerta would have eventually dominated the rebellion because—having obtained from French bankers a loan, of which one third had been already paid—the federal army was being increased.

THEN President Wilson made his third move by asking the French Government to prevent the French bankers from completing the loan to Huerta. This not only crippled Huerta's military operations, but it necessitated suspension of payment on the internal and external debts of Mexico, which affected thousands of investors in Mexico, the United States, and Europe. President Wilson, believing that such a move was sufficient to remove Huerta, advised Congress in his special message of August 27, 1913, that Huerta would soon be eliminated from the Presidency "by popular action of the Mexican people."

The facts proved altogether different. Huerta continued to grow in popularity, while the abuses and crimes of the rebels drove people to support him in his efforts to reestablish law and order. Huerta lasted through the entire first year of the Wilson Administration.

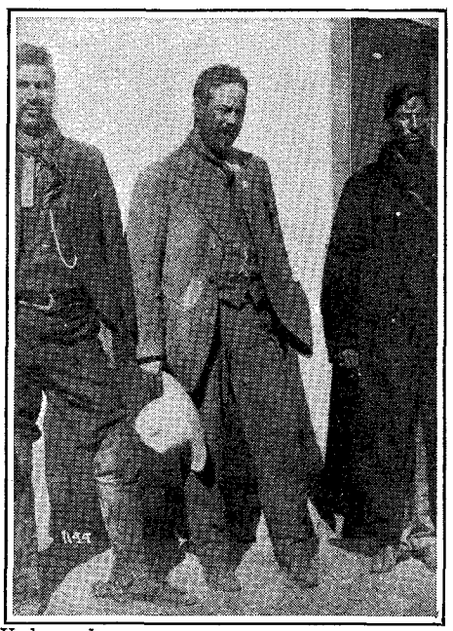
Then President Wilson realized that it was necessary to resort to "direct action" if Huerta was to be eliminated. The question was to find a pretext.

On March, 1914, the rebels, who styled themselves "Constitutionalists," were laying siege to Tampico on the land side, and the port was under martial law. No one could enter or leave without express permission of the Federal Commander. A boat from the U. S. Cruiser "Dolphin" came to the wharf and sailors landed. The Mexican officer at the wharf asked the marines to show their permit, and as they had none, he conducted them to the military headquarters. There, in a few minutes, they were released.

ADMIRAL MAYO, Commander of the United States Squadron, complained and the Mexican Commander apologized. This was not considered sufficient, and Admiral Mayo asked that the flag of the United States be saluted with twenty-one guns. The Mexican Commander did not consider that he had authority to order the salute; both Governments were informed and the affair became a subject of diplomacy.

Huerta never wanted war with the United States. He tendered an apology, punished the officer who had taken the American marines into custody, and went beyond the requirements of international law, courtesy and good will, in order to avoid trouble.

President Wilson, who had resolved to make his fourth move, backed up the demands of Admiral Mayo. Huerta assented on the condition that the flag salute should be mutual. To this President Wilson agreed, and the incident



Underwood

VILLA AND TWO OF HIS GENERALS

seemed to be near a close, when President Wilson took the affair to Congress on April 20, 1914, stating that the American flag had been insulted.

"I therefore come to ask you," he said, "that I should use the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such extent, as may be necessary *to obtain from General Huerta and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States.*"

The very next day, April 21, before the resolution was passed by both Houses granting authority to the President to use the armed forces against Huerta, Vera Cruz was assaulted and taken by the United States Naval Squadron under Admiral Badger.

The Mexican Federal soldiers were withdrawn from the port to avoid a conflict; but the people, men, women and children, attacked the Marines with every available weapon, from pistols to knives and stones and furniture. One hundred of them paid with their lives for proving how Mexicans welcome foreign interference.

The United States charge d'affaires, Mr. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, characterized the taking of Vera Cruz as "brutal, unwarranted and stupid."*

PRESIDENT WILSON had made up his mind not only to overthrow Huerta, but to deliver Mexico to the revolution, as is shown by his speech made at a banquet on Jefferson Day.

"When I see the crust even so much as slightly broken over the head of a population (the Mexicans) which has always been directed by a board of trustees," he said, "I make up my mind that I will thrust not only my arm but my heart into the aperture, and that only by crushing every ounce of power that I can use shall any man ever close that opening again."

In an interview given to "The Saturday Evening Post" of May 23, 1914, President Wilson said:

"It is my part to aid in composing those differences (between Huerta and the revolution) as I may be able, that a new order which will have its foundation on human liberty and human rights, shall prevail. It is not my intention, having begun this enterprise, to turn back."

Criticism of the American intervention burst forth all over Latin America. Huerta was getting along without money, without munitions, without even the port of Vera Cruz, and if moral support had been mightier than force he could have survived.

President Wilson recognized the need to appease the hostility of Latin America; so he resorted to the expedient of the "peace conference" at Niagara Falls. This was initiated through Argentina, Brazil and Chile, whose representatives in Washington were brought to "tender" the good offices of their Governments to effect a settlement.

Huerta assented, and sent a delegation fully prepared to make such amends for the supposed insult to the American flag as the mediators should recommend.

*Sen. Res. 106, page 2717.

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CARRANZA, not a party to the "insult of the flag," was invited to send delegates, but he refused, stating that he would not permit the United States to discuss the internal affairs of Mexico.

The Mexican delegates on their way to Niagara Falls were informed that the United States was going to insist on the retirement of Huerta. Seeing that this was the crux of the situation, they sent their attorney, a United States citizen, to Washington to obtain a clear understanding of what President Wilson was prepared to demand. The attorney called on the Secretary of Agriculture, David F. Houston, who stated that "even without the voluntary resignation of Huerta, Mr. Wilson would insist that neither Carranza nor Villa nor any of their active adherents be President of Mexico, under the theory that he had expounded as the basis of his Latin American policy that he would recognize no man who had risen to office through force, which would eliminate the leaders of the revolution."*

With such a report from their attorney, the Mexican delegates felt reassured, for they had obtained Huerta's consent to resign if that course should be necessary to avoid war or loss of Mexico's autonomy.

At the beginning of the sessions at Niagara Falls, it was agreed that the United States would not insist upon further apologies nor upon payment of any indemnity for the Tampico "insult to the flag." Thus the pretext was stripped away and the delegates faced actualities; the conference was for adjustment of the internal affairs of Mexico.

Huerta's men asked that Carranza be eliminated from the negotiation since he had declined representation. This was vetoed and the American delegation acted in Carranza's behalf. Next, Huerta's delegation asked that Carranza be required at least to abide by the decisions of the conference. This request also was rejected.

As Carranza had refused to suspend hostilities, the Mexican delegation requested the United States to place an embargo on shipment of arms. Washington agreed to this, but in less than one week the steamer Antilla left New York with a substantial cargo of munitions for Carranza. The Mexican delegates protested, but the Antilla reached its destination and other cargoes for Carranza followed. The ostensible destination of these shipments was Cuba, but after leaving the United States it was changed to Mexico.

Huerta ordered his gunboats to stop these cargoes. The American naval commander at Tampico was instructed to see that Huerta's forces should not interfere with the landing of cargoes for Carranza.

The Mexican delegation then concentrated its efforts toward the establishment of a Provisional Government that should be neutral, so as to save their country from the excesses they knew would follow if the ungovernable hordes of the revolution were admitted to power. It was agreed that the next President should be a neutral, assisted by an equal number of adherents of Huerta and Carranza. This was the best the Mexican delegates could obtain.

When it came to the signature of this agreement, the delegates of the United States hesitated. It was discovered then that they had to consult Washington at every step, and Washington referred everything back to Carranza before taking a decision.

Finally the American delegates stated that the Government of Mexico would not be given to a neutral, but to some man acceptable to the "Constitutionalists," because only such a man could be reasonably expected to have the confidence and respect of the entire country.

THROUGH their attorney, the Mexican delegates complained to Mr. Bryan, Secretary of State, that the promises made to them before the conference, regarding the establishment of a neutral Government in Mexico, had been broken; he agreed to that. Then the attorney reminded Mr. Bryan that Huerta had been induced to agree to resign on the representation that a neutral would be appointed as provisional President. Mr. Bryan became annoyed and said:

"When you can't keep a promise you can't keep it, and that is all there is to it; I don't want to hear any more about it. . . . Carranza must be provisional President and permanent President."*

The delegates of the United States tried to give the matter a less crude form, but the Mexicans advised the mediators that they would not continue this cynical discussion. And the conference broke up.

The "Carranzistas" or "Constitutionalists," encouraged by the Government of the United States, and having plenty of arms and ammunition, were able to dominate all the important centres north of and including Zacatecas. Everywhere they pillaged and terrorized the population. The Federal Army was compelled to concentrate to hold a few important centres. Huerta, seeing the futility of resisting further, sent his resignation to the Mexican Congress. Members of his Cabinet resigned in panic, knowing that execution without trial was the fate threatened by the Carranzistas.

The nearest official remaining in a legal succession to the Presidency was Francisco Carvajal, head of the Supreme Court of Justice. A learned lawyer and a gentleman of the old school, he had kept himself so free from politics that he dared to assume the Presidency long enough to invite Carranza to take the office. In this way Justice Carvajal hoped to save the capital and the rich central region of Mexico from ravage by the revolutionaries.

Carranza would listen to nothing but unconditional surrender. Justice Carvajal then appealed to President Wilson, explaining that it was better for the government to be taken over peacefully with a semblance of legal procedure so that order might be maintained. President Wilson at first was disposed to consider Carvajal's proposal as reasonable; but Carranza was adamant and finally got the American President to notify Carvajal that the Government should surrender on Carranza's terms.

Carvajal went into exile and the Federal Army was disbanded. There remained only the remnant of the regular police force to protect the capital. Carranzistas entered and killed in the streets 300 police, shooting or stabbing them on sight. A carnival of looting and murder followed. Even residences of diplomats were robbed by "Generals," among the victims being the Brazilian Minister, who was acting also as the official representative of the United States. The invaders established themselves in private houses, breaking into the uninhabited ones and driving residents out of others. Even the humblest homes were subjected to incredible outrages. Churches were desecrated, hospitals and asylums were robbed, their inmates mistreated. Food supplies were curtailed until starvation confronted a large part of the population. Water, light and sanitary services

*Sen. res 106, 66th Congress, Page 790.

*Ibid. page 794.

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were crippled and epidemics followed. Crime knew no bounds.

The policy of President Wilson had eliminated Huerta, and the Revolution was in power.

CARRANZA did not enter the capital during the first days of revolutionary triumph, but made his headquarters in the outskirts. The reason, not at first apparent, was that Carranza was already at swords' points with Villa, who was enraged because the "First Chief" had permitted Obregon's division from Sonora to enter the capital first. Finally Carranza could delay no longer, and made his "triumphal entry," a sorry spectacle. The "First Chief" rode with a few friends and a small retinue of camp followers of both sexes. The terror-stricken populace did not turn out, nor did the soldiers of Obregon escort him; they were too busy looting.

Carranza continued his effort to appease the fiery temper of Villa, knowing well the power of the bandit chief. The influence of the United States was enlisted; and pursuant to a suggestion from Washington, a convention of the Carranzistas and the Villistas was held in the city of Aguas Calientes for the purpose of agreeing upon a Government which all factions could support. The delegates kissed a Mexican flag and inscribed their names on it to make more binding their oath to do their duty by their country. General Eulalie Gutierrez was elected Provisional President of Mexico. The "First Chief" had been deposed.

Carranza, assured by his representatives in Washington that the Government of the United States was backing him, proclaimed himself still to be the "First Chief of the Constitutionalist Army, in charge of the Executive Power."

VILLA for once was right. He demanded the immediate restoration of Government under the Constitution of 1857. Obregon, who had been vociferously against Carranza in the convention but had lined up with him because of his hatred of Villa, was no match for the bandit chief as a military leader. Carranza's following was relatively small and he controlled only a small region. Villa could easily have asserted his mastery if the two had been left to fight it out.

Carranza and Obregon, on breaking with Villa, could not hold their position in Mexico City and marched southeast toward the coast. Zapata and his Indians from Morelos moved in from the south and Villa from the north.

To the surprise of the terror-stricken population, the Zapatistas respected lives and property. Instead of stealing food, they asked for it politely, and the populace gave it gladly. Villa's troops were not so well behaved as the Zapatistas, but they did not equal the abuses of the Carranzistas.

The Constitutionalists were now definitely divided into Carranzistas and Villistas, and a new war was on.

The Carranzistas occupied parts of the States of Coahuila, Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas, and small sections of the States of Pueblo and Vera Cruz. Villa occupied most of the territory north of Mexico City, including Sonora and Morelos. The departure of the radicals with Carranza, left Maitorena, the governor of Sonora, free; and he joined forces with Villa in favor of the restoration of the Constitution.

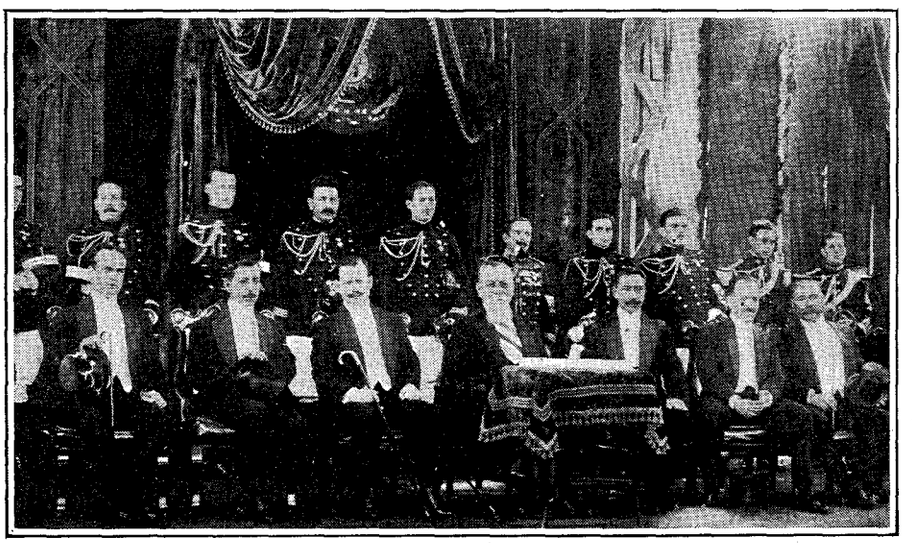
OF the two Carranzista groups, that of the north under Pablo Gonzalez was the most numerous and important. The group under Carranza and Obregon was much smaller and its position between the border of the high plateau and the coast in possession of the United States forces, was very precarious. Villa therefore concentrated his forces against Pablo Gonzalez, leaving Zapata in charge of defense of the plateau and the Government at Mexico City. His intention was to clean up the north first and then to wipe out Carranza.

While Villa was fighting Gonzalez, President Wilson announced, on September 15, 1914, that Vera Cruz would be evacuated by the forces of the United States, "in view of the entire removal of the circumstances which were thought to justify the occupation."

This announcement greatly strengthened Carranza, and two months later the withdrawal of the United States forces enabled him to occupy the port and to continue a struggle in which the Mexican people were the victims.

As soon as Carranza established his "government" at the port of Vera Cruz, he announced himself dictator with unlimited power under the title of "First Chief of the Revolution and depository of the executive power of the nation until the enemy is overpowered and peace is restored."* He turned his attention then to revolutionizing and plundering the southern States of Tabasco, Campeche and Yucatan, which had been free of radical influences. With the proceeds, Obregon organized forces in order to reconquer the high plateau. The Zapatistas made a perfunctory resistance, and then retired to their State of Morelos leaving the way to Mexico City unprotected.

This second occupation of the capital by Obregon was a worse orgy of outrages. He announced that he had come to punish the city for sheltering the Zapatistas, allies of Villa. After terrorizing the population, he raised compulsory "loans" of several millions, and in speeches and proclamations called on the rabble to possess themselves of whatever they wanted. The scandal produced by Obregon's acts at



Underwood

PRESIDENT CARRANZA AND HIS CABINET

*Decree dated December 12, 1914.

(Continued on Page 909)

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What the Farm Crisis Means to a Farm Boy

By ROBERT DONALD

To understand the farm crisis, which many who are not farmers do, is one thing. To feel the farm crisis, as few who are not members of farm families do, is another thing entirely. Therefore, Robert Donald's article.

I GREW up on a Kansas farm—one not greatly different in essentials from its cousins in other States. I know the lure and beauty of life in the country, but I have also felt the tug of the grim reality that lies beneath.

What does the farm crisis mean to me? It means a brother who came prematurely to a life of toil, leaving his classroom for the plow. It means a sister denied music and art and college and doomed to the ball and chain of a farm kitchen. It means for myself a boyhood of arduous labor when the concerns of life early sat heavy upon my tender shoulders and later cost me six precious years. It means a father who labored fifty years with little increase of the good things of life, and today faces unprepared the cold winter of old age. It means a spent and broken mother whose seemingly unconquerable spirit has gone down to defeat.

LET me make all this clear. The life I knew as a boy was a continual struggle. The farm simply did not pay. And the tragic thing about it all is that this failure cannot with accuracy be attributed to lack of industry or to lack of foresight. The long hours of constant effort which we all put in belie any at least great amount of shiftlessness or laziness on our part. As to planning, of course, father made mistakes; who hasn't? For those he made, his industry largely compensated, and even the shrewdest and most capable men of the neighborhood felt the struggle as well as he. On something, then, besides sloth or lack of business acumen must we blame the farm crisis.

OF course, my father was subject to the caprice of the weather and the devilish delight of insect pests. A flood overnight could sweep away a wheat crop, stringing the muddied sheaves along the river bank. Chinch bugs and grasshoppers delighted in sapping the life of growing plants and in leaving them blasted in a ruined field. Or, after a fine prospect for corn in June, suddenly the clouds shriveled up, the southwest wind swept up across miles of burnished wheat stubble and scorched everything in its path. Two or three days, at the most, the corn struggled, and then its leaves began to curl and the parching process soon was over.

Certainly these evils do contribute to the farm crisis. But even now we do not have all the analysis. High taxes and low prices might tell most of the rest of it. But I am here interested, not in discovering the causes of the crisis and in suggesting remedies, but in describing to you what it has done and is doing to the human lives and values involved.

My father has paid for the condition of the farmer with the best of his life. The struggle to keep above the surface in making a living and paying his debts has all but exhausted him. In order to get the family through the winter and the cropless spring, he often was, and is, forced to accept some credit. Usually the amount is paltry, not over $200 or $300. But it costs long days of toil the following summer to gather together enough money aside from actual living expenses to pay off the debt. And father always pays his bills. They come first in every consideration. If forced to add patches to his old coat instead of buying a much-needed new one; or if mother, for want of a maid, must rise to household tasks ten days after childbirth, those debts were and are paid. Father, on many nights during my boyhood, tossed restlessly in his sleep. The next morning I knew that the near approach of the due date of some note deeply troubled him.

IF "dead horses," as we called our debts, did not worry, taxes did. In years of good crops and fair prices they burdened slightly. But when the entire year's crop didn't even pay the meagre living expenses—and this actually occurred during several years during my boyhood and does today — obviously no way opened out of the difficulty except to borrow the amount. And so he bounded away from the pincers of the tax collector into the tongs of the interest-taker. And through it all he continued a staunch Republican, the stench of the Democratic donkey being slightly less repulsive than the abhorrent odor of the Socialist. For does not the Republican party believe in the protective tariff, that certain boon to unlimited prosperity?

Not only father, but all the family paid in the bitter economic struggle. Labor is hard on the farm, and the hours long. As a boy, I learned toil at an early age. At 13, I took my place beside the men in the field. To flinch beneath the melting sun and the man-sized load proved a boy inferior; and even though he strained his back, he would not thus come to stand in the esteem of his fellows. Many a day, particularly in haying time, the family arose at five o'clock, and just as soon as the chores were done and breakfast hastily eaten, the field knew our labor. After sundown, when no longer the sickle could be seen, dad and I unhitched the horses, put them on the lumbering wagon and trudged two miles home. The cows, driven from the pasture and stanchioned, gave up their milk to weary hands toiling far into the night. Many a time, well past my bedtime, I pumped away until my tired head fell over against a sweating flank and I roused to realize that all the time I had lingered on the verge of sleep the mechanical process had gone steadily on. Often, ten o'clock named the supper hour. Too tired to more than glance at the daily paper, we dragged wearily off to bed in order that five o'clock the next morning might find us ready.

NOT even in the winter did we find much relaxation. No matter how cold the day or stormy, the chores had to be done, feed hauled, and wood drawn up from the timbered river and split for the fire. A book might lure or skating call, but the goad of necessity drove us on.

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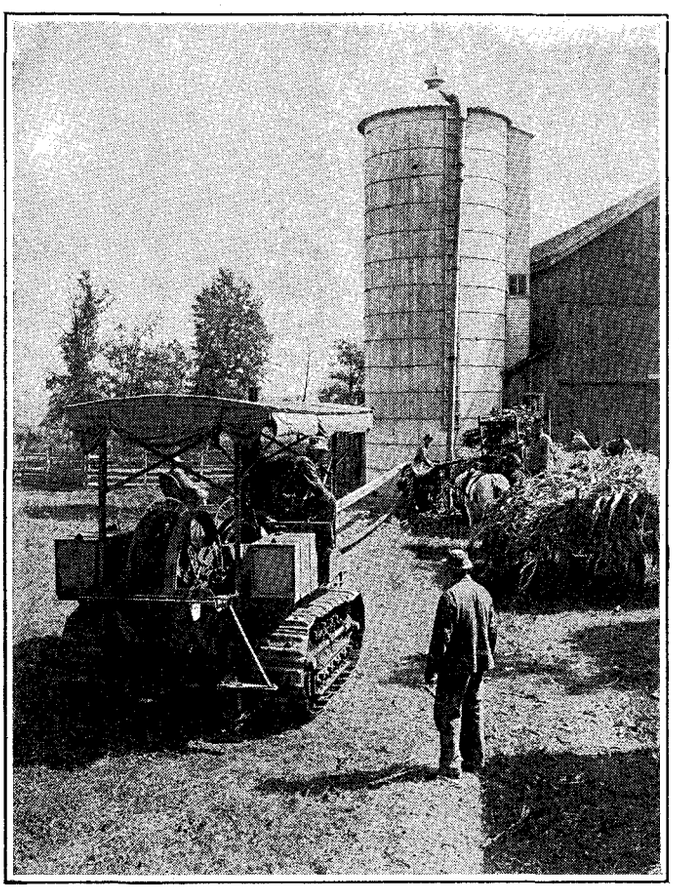
Vacations never came. Such a word appeared only in magazines or books or in the city paper. If anyone suggested two weeks in the invigorating mountains, he found himself much laughed at. No one could desert the crop that long! And, besides, the cattle and the pigs needed a feeder and a guardian.

Casting audacity into the teeth of fate, I seemed to thrive on hard work as many boys do, and I grew strong and husky. If I could have overlooked the family, I would not have minded the heavy work, provided it had paid. But it did not pay. The farmer seldom lacks food and shelter, and overalls and a blue shirt to wear. But too often a man comes down to the age of seventy through a lifetime of struggle against pests, weather, taxes, and low prices, with little maintenance aside for old age and along the way no increase of the deeper satisfactions of life. Old, discouraged, broken, the city which lived off him now laughs at him, calling him a hayseed and a clod. When I ask myself by what right my own father toiled fifty years with no increase in leisure or in mental growth, I have nothing but my mother's broken health to answer me.



Underwood

My mother came to the farm a sensitive, cultivated city girl. She grew up in a gentle Hoosier town, the daughter of a Civil War veteran. At her marriage, she joined her husband's western journey and soon found herself stranded long miles from her parents and the friends of her girlhood. To these she returned only once, and that at her mother's death. It cost too much to span those miles of railroad track. The meagre farm income forbade such luxury. I can hear mother's words yet, raised in longing for one last glimpse of her old home and of her ageing father, whom, time proved later, she would never see again. One by one, the relatives passed on, but mother never could go back. As I write, I humbly bow my head in recognition of the courageous faith and quiet determination which enable a gentle woman to leave friends and kindred and to build a new home in an alien land.

Mother came to the farm strong in body as well as in spirit. But years of toil began to gnaw into her rugged constitution. Cooking, mending, caring for the children described an endless circle of activity. With her own hands she turned the washing-machine and pounded the cream in the old-fashioned churn. She washed dishes and separator and wore down the broom. At early dawn or before, she began the day's round; and, long after the evening chores were done, pushed her tired feet well into the night.

Mother's life, as I look back on it now, evidenced continual privation and denial. Before her marriage, she studied music at a leading conservatory in the Middle West. Now she must content herself with an old organ which dad bought for a trifle at a public sale. Cheap calendar pictures or magazine faces supplanted the longed-for works of art on the walls. The grocery bill claimed the few dollars her chickens brought. She gave up new clothes for herself that the meagre income might the better supply her children's needs. School claimed the children, and they must be better dressed. Even then she heroically made the best of a trying situation. How often I have heard her say, "Robert, your overalls are patched, but they are clean."

When her coat, although still neat, showed signs of wear, and her hat, three times made over, became hopelessly out of date, mother gradually gave up social and church engagements and even trips to the nearby city. Then it was that isolation took its deadly toll. Hard work had worn out her strong body, and in the face of blasted hopes and a gloomy future, her once indomitable spirit went under. Her health gave way, and the doctor said, "a nervous breakdown." One more farm woman added to those crushed in the grinding mill!

Is it any wonder, then, that when I finished what schooling the village afforded and, though I deeply longed to go on to college, a stern duty to my mother and the family bound my feet to the soil? Six of the best years of my life I gave up—years that should have been precious in intellectual advance. These I sacrificed that I might stay by the plow and add to the family's meagre earnings. In all those years every cent I could make went into the family budget. I had not a dollar to call my own. Once I made forty-odd dollars baling hay—to me a veritable fortune. Dad asked for it to pay a pressing note. I loaned it to him, and he, under the pressure of the months that followed, forgot to pay it back. I never asked it of him.

At twenty-two, I left the farm, having decided that such a move was best. Every year I had hoped for a break. But every year the same story of want and struggle unreeled itself. Gradually I realized that I could be of infinitely more assistance to my family with an education and in another occupation than I could ever hope to be on the farm. So I borrowed $100, purchased a suit of clothes, a trunk, and a railway

(Continued on Page 916)

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Vacations for Babies

By SARAH GIRARD

It was a brave soul who first questioned whether a child's best friend is really his mother. The defenders of the nursery schools feel that the question should be answered in the negative. Their arguments have appeared in previous issues. The author of this article goes even further in advocating not only schools for babies, but vacations as well. It is an interesting addition to a present-day discussion.

WHEN I sent my three-year old son away to camp this summer, my friends said two things. If under forty, they sighed, "The poor little thing!" Those over forty looked pained and exclaimed, "These modern mothers!" One woman even went so far as to tell some one else that I very evidently should have had no children in the first place!

Out of this welter of criticism which I pulled down about my unsuspecting head, I was able to discover just one unanimous opinion: that a child's place is in the home! Marital vacations are accepted as quite orthodox. Husbands and wives may separate for a little breathing space now and then without undue censure. Vacations are even permissible for mothers and fathers, provided some one responsible is left at home with the children. But vacations for babies? Never.

The conventions decree, it seems, that my three-year old is still an infant. An infant needs its mother. No one else can fill her place. Ergo, I have sinned against the popular conception of motherhood. I am a hard-boiled parent. Evidently I do not have the proper amount of affection for my child. I am that cold-blooded monster, a woman without maternal instinct!

One of my sternest critics is fond of boasting that when she goes home for the summer she does not see her small son from one day's end to the next.

"Of course, he's with his grandparents," she adds apologetically. "I'd never trust him to strangers. Mother and Dad are so devoted to him that they ruin him for me every summer. But it's a comfort to know that he's with the *family*."

If I had taken my boy to a summer resort, turned him over to nurse-maids and played bridge on the hotel veranda all day, I should have attracted no comment whatever. The mere fact that he was near enough for me to admonish, "Mother's busy; run away and play, dear," would prove my devotion to him in other people's eyes. I should not be considered an unnatural parent.

THE fact that I have work which I must do is the last bit of damning evidence against me. If it were housework, embroidery, or gardening my friends would be more lenient. Knitting needles are still more in favor as an appropriate maternal occupation than the typewriter! It is appalling, people say, that I should be stony-hearted enough to sacrifice my child to a career!

I am frank to admit that my work means much to me. Not more than my baby, of course. Yet I do feel that a woman's end and aim of existence is not merely to sit on the nest and cherish her offspring by the physical warmth of her contact. Motherhood is a much larger thing than that. The mere fact of having produced an infant is no longer justification for sitting back and radiating satisfaction the rest of one's natural life. The rather pale, supremely happy woman lying among white pillows with a little head in the crook of her arm is still the sentimental ideal of motherhood. To many people it ends a story which has really only just begun. It is Chapter One of the book to which a real mother never writes finis. Having achieved her baby, she must ask herself constantly, "What about my baby? Am I teaching him merely to love me? Or am I helping him to be himself? Every day he is busy growing up. Is he also growing *out?*"

Who bathes him or pushes his carriage, washes his clothes and cooks his food, provided it is well done, has little to do with the real job of mothering as we are coming to understand it. A by-the-day girl can do all that. But true mothering is a spiritual rather than a physical concern. Only the mother can turn spiritual architect and rear the framework destined to determine the height and breadth of the child's life.

BY the way, let me introduce you to my son. A single incident will serve the purpose. Last winter, when he was slightly over two, he lost his kiddy-kar. In a careless moment he left it in front of a neighborhood store where I shop. I explained carefully that it was his own fault and that he would never see it again. He was sensible but optimistic.

"It will come back to me," he asserted flatly.

A week later we were again in the same store. I heard a scream of rage from the street, followed by a yell of triumph. Rushing out I saw a small boy half way down the block. My son sat proudly astride a small red kiddy-kar.

"You mustn't take another boy's kiddy-kar," I protested.

"Dis mine," he announced pleasantly. "See, I made dos." He pointed to the hammer marks with which he had formerly dented the seat.

"What did you do to the little boy?" I asked.

"I knocked him off. Then he got back on again. Then I knocked him off again. Then he ran away to buy a new kiddy-kar," he said!

This is David. He is essentially an individualist. He stands on his own feet and fights his own battles. I do not mean to imply that I want to make him a pugilist. But I *am* anxious for him to be fearless and independent. The profession he follows will be his own choice later. How much money he may or may not make is relatively unimportant to me. I am ambitious only that he face life humbly, proudly, genial and unafraid. So far as I can I am guiding him to mold the present little pattern of his life towards that goal.

But a mother can go such a short way with her child. Most of us try to

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go too far. We mother them over the rough places until they need a crutch to get along without us. By very reason of our motherhood we are prejudiced about their faults and blinded by their virtues. The child needs to escape the mother's tender solicitude once in a while in order to test out his wings without the constant interference of maternal warning and advice.

"Johnny, don't!"

"Look out, you'll fall."

"Get down, that's dangerous."

There is even the hideous example of the mother who said, "What are you doing, Dickie? Whatever it is, stop it!"

I have schooled myself to keep silence even when my son seemed in lethal danger. David has played with ice-picks, butcher knives, kitchen forks, safety pins and scissors without disaster to date. Incidentally there is not much he does not already know about their possibilities of danger. His muscular coordination and manual dexterity are developed far beyond the usual standard for his age. I have gone on the principle that he can learn to avoid risks only by running them. Cautioning children against danger merely succeeds in making it attractive.

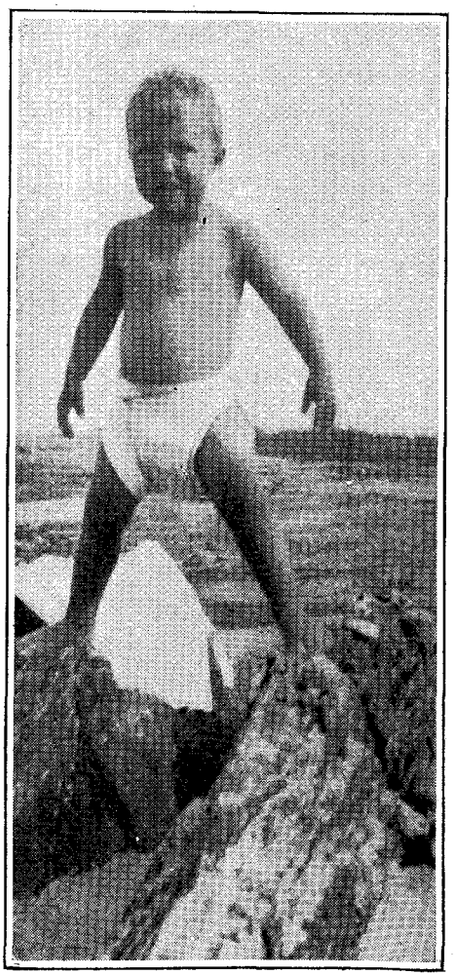
It is easier to hold these theories than to put them into practice. It was fun to talk about sending the baby away to camp for the summer. I confess that I rather enjoyed startling my friends with the idea. But it was a very different matter when the day of departure arrived.

There were so many things I wanted to tell the director and trained nurse who were to take care of him. Silly little things that only a mother thinks are important. That he slept on his stomach and had to be coaxed to drink enough water. That milk of magnesia was the only thing to stop his hiccoughs and that being a warm-blooded child he would need little covering at night.

But a lump crept up in my throat every time I tried to say anything and my voice quivered. To avoid a burst of highly emotional tears, I had to rush away while my courage to carry out the experiment lasted. It was hard on me. But I knew that it was good for him.

Common-sense told me that I was the victim of maternal mushiness. Yet, I left the camp wishing that common-sense and typewriters were at the bottom of the sea! For the moment I was like an outraged mother cow, deprived of her calf. I wanted to arouse the whole world with my mournful wails.

Meantime what of the innocent little



calf? He departed happily with a group of children to gather wild flowers, a brand new experience for a city child. He returned later, I learned, to eat an enormous dinner which ran into three helpings of everything in sight. Apparently I was forgotten.

Oh, greedy conceit of motherhood! We think ourselves so vital to the happiness of our babies. We are destined to be disillusioned when we give them a chance to get along without us. It is tough on mother but excellent for the baby. I *know*. I have tried it.

So far, I have not mentioned the baby's father. I am afraid that I shall have to drag him, protestingly, into my story. It seems to me that men really deserve a little more consideration in family affairs than they usually get. Unfortunately, when a husband becomes a father, he is assigned a back seat.

During courtship and the first glowing years of marriage he is the sole object of the woman's maternal devotion. He is babied and made to feel all-important. And how he loves it!

Then that wonderful bit of wriggling humanity, the first baby, appears. Pride is a good anesthetic. When Friend Husband recovers from the glorious frenzy of his proud new fatherhood he is startled and disturbed to find that he has become a relatively insignificant person.

"Ssh! The baby's asleep! Don't make so much noise."

"You go alone, if you want to. I can't leave baby."

"I'm sorry, dear. I didn't hear a word you said. I'm so tired after taking care of baby all day."

Statistics show that seventy per cent of the wife-desertions on record occurred during the year after the birth of the first baby. Husbands, quite as much as first-borns, resent having their noses out of joint. The wise wife will try to see that the children interfere as little as possible with her attitude toward her husband.

A little coddling hurts a grown man far less than a young child. Sometimes it is a terrific nuisance to have to coddle a husband. But it is too late to change the creatures. The whole mistake dates back to the undue amount of indulgent care bestowed on them in their own early childhood.

The man may not realize it, but he still wants to crawl into mothering arms and feel once more the same comfort and security he knew as a small boy. As a result he often looks upon his wife

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as a second mother and seeks from her the same sheltering protection from life that his own mother once offered him.

Perhaps our sons will be spared that indignity. We are finding that we must teach them, very early, to stand on their own two legs. That is why David, in spite of my personal preferences, is spending the summer away from me.

It seems only fair to put husbands occasionally first, especially when doing so is to the obvious advantage of the child. The companionship between man and woman is more normal and wholesome than companionship between adult and infant minds. At best a child feels that all grown-ups are essentially ridiculous. No matter how hard we try to reach his level it cannot be done. Age and experience give us a totally different perspective.

We can love our children and sometimes understand them. We can be their friends and confidantes. But no amount of time or attention from us is going to take the place of their association with other children of their own age. I can see no way to remedy this disadvantage of family life unless we find some way of producing children in litters. At present even twins are few and far between!

The next best solution seems to me to be the playground, nursery school or summer camp where the small child works out his problems "on his own." Parents and family being removed from the scene he is uninfluenced by that personal equation. There is no favoritism. Tears, screams, and temper tantrums soon prove of no avail. The firm, impartial hand of justice rules.

David has been attending a nursery school since he was fourteen months old, just able to stagger about on his uncertain little legs. The only calamity to date is a chipped front tooth acquired in a bout over some highly desired toy! This does not bother me half so much as the "only child" scars he might have received had he not learned so early that he was just one small boy in a world of other little boys.

No amount of intelligent mothering within the four walls of his own home will entirely solve the child's problems for him. I have talked, reasoned and argued neatness at meal times to my son since he began, at sixteen months, to eat alone. For months I offered rewards for a clean tray and an unspotted bib. The results fell far short of perfection. Yet after less than a month in camp he dispensed with the bib and is using a paper napkin! The other children at the table achieved their meals without any spills, so he promptly followed their example. Boy children tend to conform. They hate to be "different."

In spite of an apparently inborn dislike of hard work, he has learned at camp to dress and undress himself except for the more difficult buttons. He makes his own bed each morning and takes his turn with the rest at waiting on table. The blessed magic of imitation! Children teach each other in the hurly-burly experiences of play association.

These accomplishments might have been acquired at home after long and difficult effort. But no amount of discipline on my part would have had such excellent and immediate results as the actual example of other children his own age making the same attempt and achieving the same results in community life.

Meanwhile my little son is out of doors day and night, meeting Nature face to face in storm and sunshine, growing hardy of body and understanding of soul. Lightning and thunder, the only fears he has ever known, hold no more terrors for him. Recently, he watched a severe electrical storm from the open tent door. Jagged streaks of fire zig-zagged across the sky. David's only comment was a regretful, "It goes too fast!"

He is learning what it means to be considerate of the other fellow. One afternoon he was walking in the meadows with one of the women counselors. When he saw a bumble-bee he looked up at her and said, "I love my mother but I don't love bugs."

She smiled. Apparently he began to wonder whether his partiality might have hurt her feelings. He reconsidered his statement and added generously, "I love *all* ladies!"

It is this sort of thing that is making me realize the separation worth-while. I am not such a stoic as to find it always easy. There are many times when visions of a sturdy little body and two dancing brown eyes creep between the lines of my typewriting. For I know that I am missing some of the most precious days of my baby's life. He will come back to me a little older, a little more grown-up, a little less of a baby. But after all isn't that a mother's job? To help her children, as best she can, to grow up normally and sweetly? It is her lot to endure self-renunciation in order that her children may achieve self-realization.

The old-fashioned parent, when he administered a good sound spanking, used to moan, "This hurts me a great deal more than it hurts you, my dear."

That is exactly the way I felt when I sent my three-year old away to camp this summer. Yet I know that no matter how hard I may try there are some things other people can teach him better than I can ever hope to do myself. My best intentions are not enough to prevent mistakes. The personal bias insists on rearing its ugly head no matter how sternly I try to subdue it. Because this marvelous creature is my very own flesh and blood I am more stern or less stern with him than the occasion often warrants.

For myself, I can think of no better way to free my son from the sentimental clutches of my greedy maternity than to make him the gift of a mother who is sincerely interested in something worthwhile outside of himself.

I have had to let experience teach me the meaning of that difficult verse in the Bible.

"He who loseth his life shall find it."

It applies also to the business of being a mother. Sometimes it is necessary to be willing to lose our children before we can truly find them.

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The World This Week

Smith Talks Business

GOVERNOR SMITH has devoted a speech to the serious and searching discussion of one of the major issues of the campaign. To the relief of his best friends and to the satisfaction of fair-minded opponents he has decided to stop answering personal accusations and to start his campaign on Government policies. At Denver, Colorado, the capital of one of the states directly interested in the development of the power possibilities of the Colorado River, he devoted his speech to the subject of public control of water power.

On this subject Governor Smith treads familiar ground. In New York State he has had occasion to study and discuss the relation between the public interest in the sources of power and the private utility corporations. In his Denver speech he gave some account of this problem as he dealt with it in New York and of his suggestion of "the creation of a quasi-public corporation" to carry on the development of power sites somewhat after the fashion of the Port Authority charged with the development of the port of New York.

The principle which he followed in his policy in New York he applied in his speech to the Nation. He advocated not only retention in public ownership of the power itself but the public construction, ownership, and control of the power plant. The issue as he sees it is not one between public and private ownership of power sites, for that in the main is settled, but of such control as will or will not give real authority to the public over rates. He proposes that the government—whether of a State alone, or of a group of States or of the Nation—shall have its hand at the switch and shall by means of contracts with distributing corporations be able to guarantee reasonable rates and equitable distribution. He does not propose that the Government engage in the business of distributing electrical energy but that it shall be able to insist on both equitable distribution and reasonable rates by virtue of a contactual as well as a regulatory right.

In particular he applied this principle to the proposed dam at Boulder Canyon. There, not only have seven States an interest but the Federal Government has a duty. The specific measure should, he believes, await the conclusions of the Board appointed by Congress charged with studying the subject and reporting by December 1 next. He believes that the subsequent legislation should produce "a dam, not a controversy."

One of the reasons for public construction of power plants is, Governor Smith holds, the cheapness at which the Government can obtain money for the cost.

Neither the Republican Party nor Mr. Hoover, he holds, has chosen to be specific on this subject. He cited certain facts, including the appointment of Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior, as indications that the Republican Party leans toward sympathy with private exploitation of these resources.

To Governor Smith's criticism of the Republican Party and the power companies there were prompt and explicit answers. But there yet remains to be presented a cogent and reasoned argument against the general policy which Governor Smith proposes. If the parties are to divide on this subject such an argument from an authoritative source will have to be presented soon. It may be that Governor Smith does not understand the National prospects of the water power problem as well as he does its State aspects; but it cannot be denied that he has presented his view with vigor and effectiveness. A few speeches of this sort on both sides and this may become an educational campaign.

Hurricane Sufferers

THE havoc wrought by the great hurricane of mid-September was less concentrated than that of two years ago but far more devastating in human suffering and continuing distress. It destroyed fewer big buildings but left more people homeless and hungry. In this respect it is comparable to the Mississippi floods; and it is for this reason that the American Red Cross asks the country to contribute for relief work $5,000,000, the largest sum ever required for a relief project with the single exception of that raised for the Mississippi Valley.

Fortunately the chapter system of the Red Cross makes quick and systematic contributions in such emergency certain; not only every one of the three million adults and five million children enrolled in the Red Cross, but practically all citizens, know exactly how to and where to send their gifts. Thus for the fiscal year ending in June, 1927, the organization was able to collect about $20,000,000 for Florida and Mississippi Valley special relief funds, apart from $8,000,000 or more spent from its own treasury for relief in ninety disasters.

Now as in the Mississippi Valley disaster there will be a long time during which helpless and homeless people must be cared for and aided to get into normal condition. It is reported on September 21 that in Porto Rico there were 400,000 people destitute, dependent and without shelter; that disease was spreading and epidemics feared; in Florida 15,000 were in sore need of food and shelter, while the sanitary conditions induced by the unburied dead in the Okeechobee swamps and inundated lands were almost beyond description. The total death rate in Florida is estimated at 2,000, the number of homeless people at 16,000.

Offers to assist the restoration and relief work in Guadaloupe, which was hard hit by the storm, have been made by our Government and the Red Cross, but the French officials with grateful thanks have decided to carry on unless the need becomes more pressing.

The American people in their present prosperity as a whole will not neglect to respond to the cry of suffering. Already as we write a million dollars has been subscribed and more millions will pour in.

They Knew It Was Coming

WHY did so many persons in Florida and Porto Rico lose their lives in the recent hurricane when they knew or might have known many hours, even several days, in advance that it was coming?

The United States Weather Bureau began warnings of the fury and extent

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Kirby in the New York World.

AN AGONIZING MOMENT

of this storm on Monday, September 10, practically a whole week before it devastated the region of the Palm Beaches in Florida. It was then out at sea, fully 600 miles east of the furthest outpost in the Lesser Antilles. A few vessels were in its fringe and from their radio reports the Weather Bureau figured out the location of the centre of the storm, its direction and velocity. From that time on, the Weather Bureau scouted ahead of the storm, with warnings at least twice a day to the endangered regions. Every warning made clear the fact that this was an unusually dangerous storm both in intensity and extent, and every one predicted accurately the area in the islands that would be next to suffer.

Now it happens that most tropical storms blowing toward the mainland of the United States never actually reach it but recurve and go out over the Atlantic again. Florida, therefore, was warned early not of the certainty but of the probability of a destructive blow. A little later, however, the warnings became definite and certain as to the east coast. One bulletin—they were now a matter of only a few hours apart—warned that the storm would "move inland between Miami and Jupiter." Another urged "every possible precaution against destructive winds and high tides, especially West Palm Beach . . ." All advised, "This hurricane is of great intensity." The final one shouted, "Emergency"—which is authority to use all possible means of removing human beings from places of particular danger.

The storm struck at the place where and the time when the Weather Bureau said it would strike—and killed hundreds of human beings.

Why?

It must be that Government agencies such as the Weather Bureau have not the same facilities for effective dissemination that they have for the accurate gathering of information. It must be, too, that persons in authority on land turn deaf ears to the information which reaches them. It has ceased to be so with persons in authority at sea. Captains of vessels received the warnings and acted upon them. Otherwise, there would have been a death toll at sea possibly greater than that on land.

▸▸*Borah's Debut*

Formidable and effective in the Republican National Convention as a supporter of Mr. Hoover and as the framer of the Republican plank on prohibition, Senator Borah of Idaho has now entered the campaign. His first speech was awaited with considerable interest. He is a lone fighter and is as often disconcerting to the regulars of his own party as he is to his political foes. What would he say?

He has made his speech and has roared as gently as any sucking dove. The great problem before us, he said, was the equitable distribution of wealth as it is affected through legislation or administration. The bitterest injustice, he thought, was the partial, or fraudulent use of great natural wealth. "When," he asked, "have we had questions calling for greater powers of administration or greater devotion to the essential elements of human justice?" He reviewed the familiar facts of Hoover's career, and drew from them the conclusion that he was "an executive genius," who has combined wise provision for the benefit of the country with great service to humanity. In particular he cited Mr. Hoover's record as food administrator, when he at the same time maintained the price of agricultural products at home by opening markets abroad and saved human lives and incalculable suffering by feeding the famished in neutral and enemy countries. "The practicable and the altruistic, the real and the ideal—you will find that all through his life."

▸▸*Brookhart, the Conservative*

The Iowa Farmers' Union met. Senator Brookhart, the radical, leader of the farm revolt, addressed it, tried to induce it to endorse the candidacy of Herbert Hoover. The Union adopted a resolution condemning Hoover, endorsing the Democratic platform, rose to its feet and sang "Sidewalks of New York." Senator Brookhart walked out, no longer Brookhart the radical, but Brookhart the conservative.

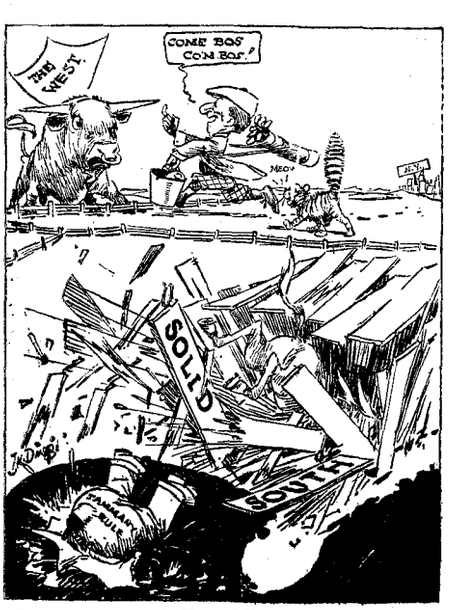
Such, it seems, is the inevitable path of Iowa radical Senators. Cummings trod it before Brookhart and Allison before Cummings. Radicalism, even progressivism it seems, cannot survive more than a few years in an Iowa seat in the upper house of Congress.

Brookhart as a radical has had punch if not picturesqueness. It remains to be seen what he will have as a regular, conservative Republican Senator.

▸▸*An Appeal and a Disclaimer*

Not since the four Methodist Bishops of the South issued their anti-Smith statement has there been such an attempt to employ ecclesiastical official influence for a political purpose as that made by the Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. On September 22, there was printed in the daily press a message published in the official monthly of the Presbyterian Church signed by him. It was something more than a statement of his personal preferences. It was a statement by him as Moderator addressed to the Presbyterian Church members. This is clear from the sentences we quote:

"There can be no question as to the plain duty of all Presbyterian Church members. The issues are clearly joined.



Ding in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

FARMER SMITH GOES OUT TO MILK

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The present Moderator of the General Assembly has voted the so-called third party prohibition ticket for forty-two years. . . . Let it be clearly and emphatically understood that we will fight to the bitter end the election of Alfred E. Smith, not because he is a member of the Catholic Church, not because of his religious affiliations, but because he has gone out of his way to announce himself as the implacable foe of things that we count most dear. . . . The plain duty of every churchman is to work and pray and vote for the election of Herbert Hoover."

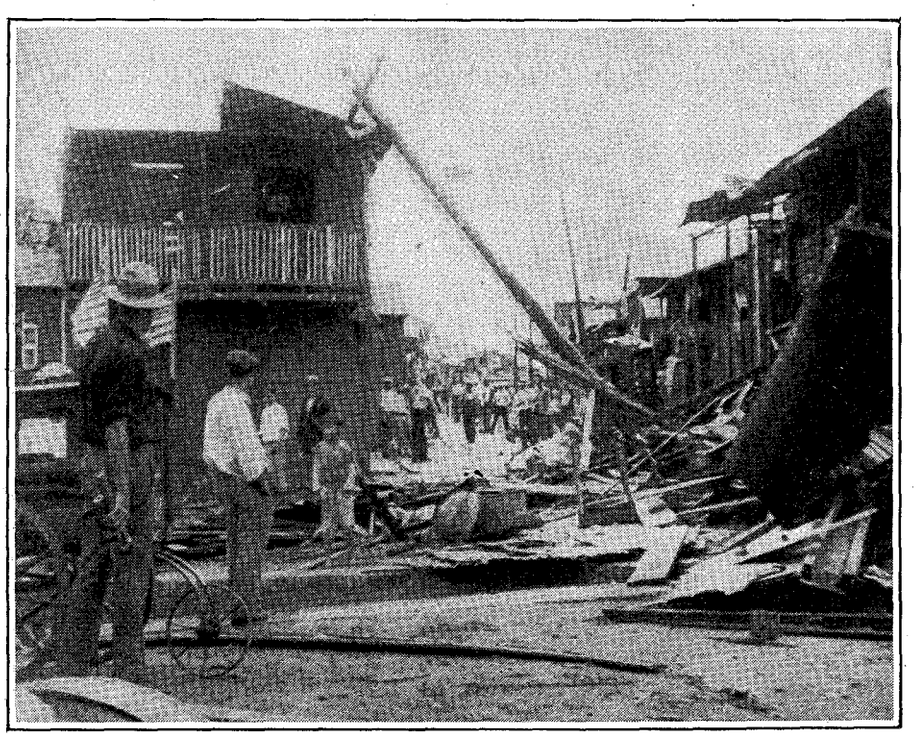
Promptly a remonstrance came from a former Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Henry van Dyke.

"The entire history of the Presbyterian Church in America," said Dr. Van Dyke in a letter to Dr. Walker, "is based on liberty and the right of private judgment in religious as well as in secular affairs. Standing on this right, I gently, respectfully, but firmly and positively, deny brother Walker's authority to tell me that it is my plain duty 'as a churchman' to vote for Mr. Hoover. If I should vote for him, it would not be on that ground nor under such compulsion." After a tribute to Dr. Walker's sincerity and fidelity, Dr. Van Dyke continued: "Surely those who admit that prohibition is a 'noble experiment' may wish and try to make it produce less ignoble results than those which afflict us now. That is not un-American, nor un-Christian. It is a question for discussion. . . . But it is the attempt to identify prohibition under the Volstead Act with the sacred Christian and Jewish cause of temperance that seems to me objectionable. . . . I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Volstead personally. But I am unwilling to believe that he is wiser or better than the Lord Jesus Christ, who not only used wine, but in emergency made it (St. John 11), or than St. Paul, who wrote, 'Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or the Sabbath days' (Coloss. ii, 16). I admit frankly that new conditions may bring the need for new social regulations. But these regulations must be commended to use on the ground of their expediency and with proof of their efficiency. . . . Once more I say of Dr. Walker, in all respect and affection, that he has no authority to define my 'plain duty to vote for Mr. Hoover.' I should take the same position with any ecclesiastic, moderator, bishop, or Pope, who assumed to control my vote as an American citizen."

▸▸*Turning from Steam to Oil*

At Belfast where so many great ocean liners are built, work has been begun on a British vessel said to be a full thousand feet in length. This vessel has been designed to forestall the effort of German shipping companies to wrest from the Mauretania the 26.46 knot speed record of the trans-Atlantic crossing by means of the two North German Lloyd vessels which rumor says are to have a speed of 26½ knots The precalculated speed of the White Star ship is not public information and there is much conjecture in shipping circles concerning not only it but the kind of motive power which is to drive this $30,000,000 monster of 60,000 tons

Two kinds of prime movers are now available for ocean liners, the orthodox steam boilers with steam turbines or the older reciprocating type of engine, and the more modern Diesel engine which uses heavy oil burned in a cylinder on much the same principle as gasoline in the cylinders of the engine of an automobile. Prime movers of the Diesel type have been installed within the past three years in a number of medium-sized liners—ships of twenty to twenty-three thousand tons and in Italian, French and Swedish service There they have proved altogether successful. Their fundamental advantage is their high efficiency—fifty per cent, roughly, above that of the steam turbine—and the fact that they save much space because they require no boilers and because the liquid fuel may be stored in unoccupied space. The new British ship will require about 75,000 horsepower, while the largest Diesel unit afloat has 25,000 horsepower. If Diesel engines are used in this great liner it will mark a significant turning point from coal to oil.



Keystone

IN THE WAKE OF THE HURRICANE

at San Juan, Porto Rico

▸▸*Gassed Peaches*

The method of canning peaches in nitrogen gas recently tried out at Hammonton, New Jersey, by a committee of canners was described in some of the newspapers as if it were a novelty. Yet this general method of preserving foods has actually been in use for some years. When fruit is canned it is difficult to avoid the inclusion of a certain amount of air. This contains oxygen which, as is widely known, may cause oxidation processes and this results in deterioration.

As sealing fruit and other foodstuffs in a full vacuum, which would be oxygen free, is not practicable and in fact is not quite possible, one method is to replace the oxygen with nitrogen. The latter gas, which makes up 79 per cent of the atmosphere anyway, is "inert";

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it refuses to combine under ordinary conditions with the elements in the food. Moreover, it will not support life; hence bacteria of the ordinary kind which require oxygen cannot survive in nitrogen.

Tobacco, as all smokers know, is highly sensitive to many conditions. When packed in some inert gas such as nitrogen it is claimed that its good qualities are retained to a greater extent. In canning the peaches the usual method is followed, except that a small hole is left in the top of the can. Through this the air is extracted and the inert nitrogen let in. Then the hole is sealed.

▶▶A Travesty of History

THE distinguished author of "L'Aiglon," which deals with the son of Napoleon I, has produced a play about "Napoleon IV," that is, the Prince Imperial who was killed by Zulus in South Africa in 1879. A storm of protest has fallen upon M. Rostand as having exceeded poetic license and violated good taste by his making the Prince Imperial a victim of English hatred. According to the Paris dispatches, M. Rostand goes so far as to represent Queen Victoria as saying that the Prince "must not return" and as to picture the Prince as basely deserted by English officers after he had been sent purposely on an extremely dangerous reconnaissance.

There is no historic basis for such a view, and the author's defense, that he was twisting the facts in order to carry on his dramatic treatment of the Napoleonic legend, does not convince one that the misrepresentation was justified by the demands of art.

The Prince Imperial was very reluctantly allowed to accompany the English forces; he was not an officer in those forces; and special orders had been issued that he should not be allowed to go into dangerous situations. Naturally he was eager to distinguish himself, and his royal birth led to undue weakness in the restraint of his impetuosity. He was unwisely allowed to accompany a small advance party sent to select a camp site, and ignored the fact that he was not in command and was subject to the orders of the British lieutenant. When the Zulus attacked the party from ambuscade the British party were dismounted; the Prince failed to mount in time to escape and was slaughtered; the lieutenant did mount and escaped and was later found guilty of misconduct in the face of the enemy and condemned to death—a sentence which was commuted to discharge from the army, largely because of the personal intercession of the Prince's mother, the ex-Empress Eugenie, with Queen Victoria.

▶▶Vexatious Repetitions

SENATOR GLASS is irritated by the constant stressing of Mr. Hoover's talents. Said he, hearing of Senator Borah's eulogy:

"What are the achievements of Mr. Hoover that justify speaking of him as an 'executive genius'? What are the great achievements of Mr. Hoover about which they tell us in general terms and without specification?"

He called the roll of famous engineering tasks and the engineers who accomplished them. Mr. Hoover was not among them.

"Where," insisted the gentleman from Virginia, "is the work of genius that entitles Mr. Hoover to be acclaimed as the superman of his profession? An extended biography in 'Who's Who' throws no light on this subject beyond the fact that Mr. Hoover did professional work in many foreign countries.

"The only concrete thing I have been able to extract from the proclaimers of Mr. Hoover's greatness is the statement that he fed the starving women and children of Europe. This has so often been repeated that thousands of simple people in America actually think that Mr. Hoover fed Europe out of his own accumulated funds. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoover fed Europe out of the United States Treasury with money put there by the American taxpayers regardless of their political affiliations. America supplied him with the food and he distributed it to European populations. What else was he to do with it?"

Senator Glass was reminded of a time when his colleague felt differently about Mr. Hoover; this was in 1919 when there was a Food Administration and the Republican candidate was the administrator.

"'I want it understood,'" said Senator Borah, "that these corporations (the packers and millers) which deal in nothing but food, which have nothing to do with anything except that which is an indispensable part of feeding the people of Europe and this country, have realized under the administration of Mr. Hoover vaster profits than they have ever realized before in the history of their concerns. I do not want any man to operate a trust fund by my vote who thinks that those figures represent decency or honesty."

Repetition leads to belief—and sometimes to vexation. Perhaps "executive

Acme

DESOLATION IN FLORIDA

A Street in West Palm Beach where the Hurricane was at its Worst

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genius" will have to be laid aside, along with Democracy's "whispering campaign."

The Windmill Plane

THE popular name for the auto-gyro airplane, lately flown across the English Channel by its Spanish inventor, Juan de Cierva, is "the windmill plane," because the odd contrivance perched almost vertically over the plane's body looks like the pin-wheels on sticks that amuse children. Its four long blades rotate on a mast, while the plane's two wings are small and their shape has been compared to that of spades with long handles. The principle of operation is an adaptation of the helicopter idea.

The advantages claimed for the auto-gyro are that it can poise itself for a reasonable time in air, can descend almost vertically, can land as lightly as a bird, or as one enthusiast writes "as softly as thistledown in a gentle breeze," and needs only a very short run after it touches ground.

Not only by the London to Paris flight but by a previous demonstration in England the inventor's claims were substantiated. Senor de Cierva stopped twice in England and once in France between Croydon and Le Bourget fields, but purposely and as planned. His speed rate varied from 25 to 105 miles an hour and he maintained a rate of 90 miles for good distance. The accident to the plane in another experimental flight, it is stated, had nothing to do with its peculiar construction but was such as might happen to any plane.

No one can safely say that the auto-gyro-plane will revolutionize the navigation of the air, but it has shown that there is practical promise in the helicopter idea. The windmill plane has such definite excellencies that it is but fair to hope that its advent will point the way to advantages in air navigation.

Philadelphia's Airport

AN airport within ten minutes motor ride of the heart of the city is planned for Philadelphia. When it is completed, as it is expected to be next May, it will be one of the finest airports in the world and will be more accessible than the airport of any other big city anywhere. It will be a very visible answer to the trite quip about Philadelphia's soporific leisureliness. It will in particular be a challenge to New York, whose most accessible airport now in sight will be in another State. It will be near the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks in South Philadelphia.

It is financially backed by Henry Ford and by a group of Philadelphia bankers, business and professional men, and men interested in aviation in Philadelphia and Detroit, organized under the name of the Philadelphia Air Terminal, Inc. The Stout Air Service Inc., the airplane division of the Ford Motor Company, will use the terminal in a service for freight and passengers between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago.

In the meantime Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia has announced that the city will go ahead with its own plans for an airport "to meet the desires of the postal authorities." If the private interests overtake the city in providing an airport, the city may co-operate with them. It is thought by the backers of the new airport that Philadelphia may become the principal stopping place en route from Montreal into America. The new terminal will be available to all kinds of air lines.

Acme

THE FOOLPROOF FLYING MACHINE

Which recently made a successful flight across the English Channel, the longest ever made in a plane of this type

Jules Verne's Science

A LOST or mislaid manuscript article by Jules Verne has lately been discovered after twenty-five years and is now published in an American magazine, the "Cosmopolitan." What is most interesting about it is Verne's explanation of his own use of science in fiction. Thus he says:

"I have been called—and I think wrongly called—the father of the submarine, the airship and the automobile. I did, it is true, many years ago describe these things as actually existent, but my doing so was a tribute to the imagination as a solver of mental problems rather than any tribute to my personal ingenuity or knowledge of science."

The main requisite for the use of science in fiction, the author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" maintains, is plausibility, not scientific inventive ability; if the author has a good background of what scientists are doing he can let his imagination work on purely imagined facts and produce the effect of plausibility. Doubtless

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when something like the invention in the story becomes actuality the author is quite as surprised as any one else. The inventors of airplane and submarine got no practical assistance from Verne's marvelous tales; their minds were working scientifically while his invention was working romantically.

▸▸Mind and Body

Symptoms created by the mind can be cured by the mind. The first thing therefore that is needed is study to find out not how the mind can cure the body but how the mind can disturb the body. This was in substance what Dr. James J. Walsh, Medical Director of Fordham University School of Sociology, New York City, told the Connecticut State Medical Society at a recent meeting at Yale.

"I often ask audiences to think about a particular part of their body and note how sensations begin to be noticeable there at once. If you continue to dwell on it, it becomes quite uncomfortable. If your attention is concentrated on it, it is easy to understand that it would become a torment. It is perfectly easy to upset the stomach by a thought . . . It is a question of psychology applied to diagnosis, and not psychology applied as a panacea for ills, that is important." Dr. Walsh emphasized in his address the limitations of scientific knowledge.

"When I talk about the influence of the mind on the body, I am treating very mysterious things. The body is just as mysterious as the mind. We are only beginning to know how much there is of it that we do not know."

Like the scientists who recently spoke at the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Walsh acknowledged that the mystery of life and of death was deeper than ever.

▸▸A New Business Basis for Mexico

Economy is a familiar word in politics in the United States; every administration and candidate advocates it. But it is less familiar in Mexico. So the report of the youthful Mexican Minister of Finance, on fiscal plans for the coming year, is significant because it promises rigorous control of expenditures, a balanced budget, new arrangements regarding external and internal debts, and—perhaps most important—reorganization of the national railways on the basis of private ownership. Apparently the report means business, for it is based on agreements with all State Departments under a new control system inaugurated by Minister de Oca.

Regarding debts and denationalization of the railways he says:

"During the period of the current year to date the Treasury has made no payments on obligations which became due on January 1, pending the results of the efforts to reach a new agreement and pending also the completion of the study of the general problem of the entire national debt. Mexico firmly proposes to comply with her duty and will pay her creditors. She will not omit any effort for the economic rehabilitation of the country.

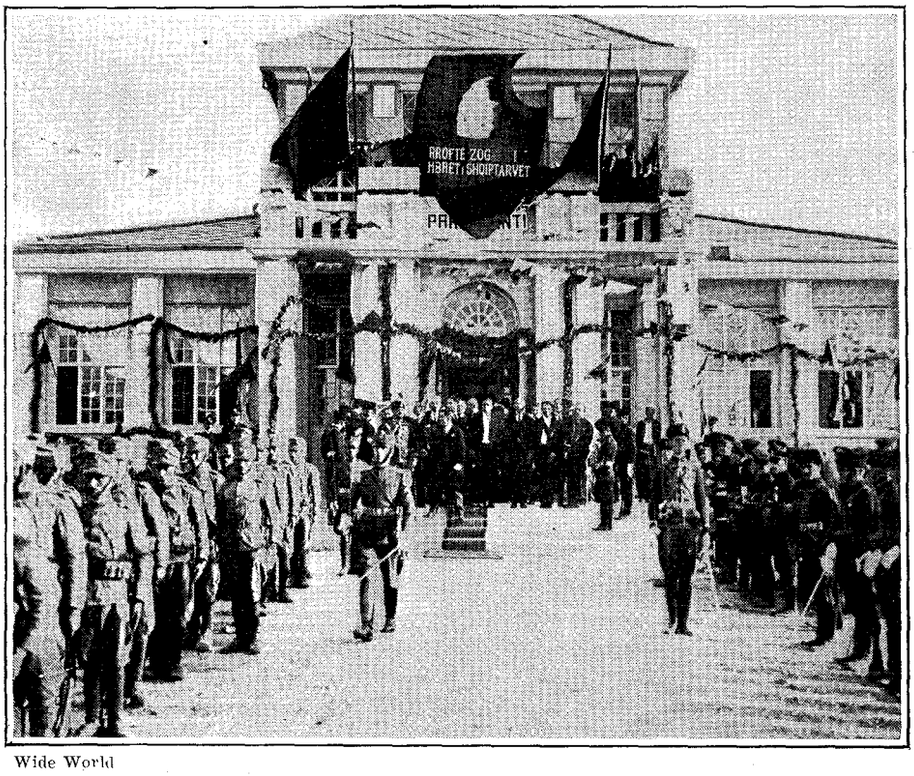
"With that object the Minister of Finance, since the middle of 1927, has been studying a project for the reorganization of the finances and the administration of the National Railways. In connection with the latter scheme he invited the director of the Canadian Railways and a group of experts to come to Mexico to study local conditions. In the judgment of the Ministry of Finance rehabilitation will not be realized if the National Railways are not administered as a private enterprise.

"Therefore the Government considers it indispensable to reform the statutes in such a way that railway progress equal to that of other countries may be made, for the disorganization of Mexico's internal indebtedness is a serious menace to the equilibrium of the budget. It is also one of the main obstacles to fixing with exactitude the nations' capacity to pay."

Wide World

METHUSALEH MUSES

George Bernard Shaw after a swim at Juan-Les-Pins, where he has been spending the summer



Wide World

ALBANIA'S NEW KING

The Ceremonies During the Coronation at Tirana

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Naval Innocence Abroad

FRANCE and Great Britain have been anxiously awaiting a reply from the Government at Washington regarding their recently announced naval accord; in fact, they have been urging a reply before the delegates at the League of Nations in Geneva set a date for another conference on limitation of armaments. But Washington has been carefully concealing what its reply might be.

Both the accord itself and the possible attitude of the United States have greatly disturbed European statesmen, who feel that the whole structure of peace is profoundly affected. Berlin frankly declares that it ends the Allied-German understanding of Locarno.

In the meanwhile, there has leaked out in Paris what purports to be the text of a note from the French Foreign Office to its envoys abroad, informing them of the terms of the Anglo-French accord. The Foreign Office has been much upset by the disclosure of this information, but has not denied its accuracy. It amounts to a confirmation of earlier reports of an agreement for limitation only of capital ships and airplane carriers of more than 10,000 tons, surface ships of 10,000 tons or more armed with guns ranging from six to eight inches, and submarines of more than 600 tons.

In other words, France agrees to Great Britain's demand for unrestricted building of small cruisers to guard her commerce, and Great Britain agrees to the French demand for unrestricted building of small submarines. This would line them up together against the United States, which stood at the last Geneva naval conference for restriction of total tonnage, with freedom as to the type of building within the limit set.

Both Great Britain and France aver that the accord is solely in the interest of facilitating naval limitation; but since it would apparently be accompanied by consideration of the possibility of joint use of their forces, it obviously would place Japan, Italy, or the United States at a disadvantage. Whether or not it can become part of a general treaty on naval armaments depends entirely on the word of the Administration at Washington.

Racial Groups

DR. ABRAHAM FLEXNER has come to the defense of racial groups. He would like to see those groups kept intact—at least he does not want them absorbed too quickly.

"Short-sighted reformers," said Dr. Flexner in a recent address at the Training School for Jewish Social Work, "think they would help matters if they were to disintegrate these racial groups as fast as possible. To destroy the contribution of these groups would be to take away something important from our too barren civilization. If the folk-lore and the culture of these races were obliterated, the Nation would lose instead of gaining. In dealing with your specific problems," he told his Jewish hearers, "you will need tact, insight, sympathy. For your real task is to substitute ties of one kind for another set of ties and in the process to save for American citizens all that is beautiful in the literary background of the Jewish communities in which you work."

Dr. Flexner was until recently the Director of the Division of Studies and Medical Education of the General Education Board.

Fascist Cardinals

"WHEN Mussolini dies or passes out of power, what will happen to the Fascist system?" observers have been asking ever since he set up his dictatorship Now he has given his answer, in a plan which seems to make the continuation of Fascism as certain as the choice of a successor to the Pope.

In brief, he plans a law which will elevate the Fascist Grand Council to the position of an authoritative organ of government, as a permanent advisory committee. And just as the Pope nominates members of the College of Cardinals who elect his successor, so Mussolini designates members of the Grand Council who will choose the man to fill his place when he leaves it vacant.

The Grand Council will draw up the list of Fascist candidates for Parliament, the only one to be presented to voters; it will make a list of men regarded as fit to become Premier in succession to Mussolini; and it will also name persons regarded as suitable to hold governmental posts, thus becoming the King's chief adviser in the selection of diplomatic envoys and department secretaries. It might even have power to ratify succession to the throne.

Parallel cases would be what some people think Governor Smith would do with Tammany Hall, if elected, and what others think the Union League Club would like to do with the Republican National Committee.

Acme

AT THE END OF HIS LAST RACE

Earl Sande, the Famous Jockey, Winner of Many Races, Retires from the Saddle

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Editorials

The Issue and the Men

THE issue in the Presidential campaign was joined when, on one night in Newark, Mr. Hoover spoke primarily to labor and, on the next night in Omaha, Governor Smith spoke primarily to agriculture. It was natural that the candidates should "tee off" from these places and in these ways. There may be left aside, if it exists, the compulsion upon the Republicans to essay the capture of the industrial East, upon the Democrats to do the like by the agricultural West. The issue now joined—what the Republicans during eight years of power have accomplished and what during the same eight years of power they have failed or refused to undertake—made it imperative that the Republican claim of achievement be heard by an audience of the industrial class, that the Democratic charge of failure be made before an audience of the agricultural class. It was fortunate that the candidates should thus "tee off" because the real issue of this campaign—the issue paramount and importunate—is thus at the outset brought forcibly to the attention of the country.

The Republican Administration has zealously and efficiently served the industrial half of this country. Mr. Hoover indisputably proved that fact in his Newark speech. The Republican Administration has persistently and cruelly refused to serve efficiently the agricultural half of this country. This fact Governor Smith conclusively proved in his Omaha speech.

Restated, then, the issue is this: Shall the Republican party be retained in power because of that half of its duty which it has performed, or shall it be deposed from power because of that half of its duty which it has not performed? There are other issues, as prohibition and water power, but they are subsidiary, individual, emotional—even though one of them might determine the result of the election. This question of duty discharged and duty denied, of achievement and failure, is the issue between the parties, or, perhaps more strictly speaking, between the people and the Government in power.

Mr. Hoover showed that the Republican Administration has carried out a definitely organized program for the upbuilding of American business and industry, that as one result business in general is more prosperous than ever before and, as another result, that the American worker can buy with his wage a larger quantity of "the compound known as bread and butter," can maintain a higher standard of living than he ever could before; higher than the worker of any other nation can maintain today. That and the things appertaining to it the Republican Administration has done, and the credit due the Administration is in no wise diminished by the probability that had the other party been in power during the same period it would have done the same.

Governor Smith showed that the Republican Administration has had no program with regard to agriculture, that it has frustrated the program formed by others and that, as one result, the American farmer's wage will buy less of necessary commodities, maintain a poorer standard of living, than ever before; that, as another result, great numbers of banks have failed and the reflex of the farm depression has begun to be felt by the rest of the community. Those and similar things the Republican Administration has permitted by its inaction, and the blame deserved by the Administration is not at all diminished by the possibility that, had the Democrats been in power during the same period, they would have done no better.

What the speeches revealed of the candidates is somewhat less clear than what they revealed of the issue. In some sort they do show Hoover as an imaginative engineer for a future in which the individual will enjoy freedom from poverty, leisure for the direction of his own life; Smith as a humane politician paraphrasing the Lincoln dictum into a statement that this country cannot endure half in prosperity and half in poverty, that it must become all the one thing or all the other. Hoover's vision penetrates further into the future; Smith sees more clearly the present things that may thwart the future. Hoover knows the country. Smith knows men. Hoover, economically speaking, exults in a vision of the coming of the kingdom of God. Smith, economically speaking, thrills to the individual suffering of mortal men in this present world.

On this issue, with these men, the country now enters upon the final phase of the most interesting—perhaps the most significant—Presidential campaign that it has known in recent times.

The Editors

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Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

FOREIGN oil companies in Mexico have usually been represented as the plunderers of the country. But apparently that popular Mexican view is changing somewhat. At any rate, the influential newspaper "El Universal" of Mexico City has begun to urge the necessity of security against undue risks for foreign capital, in order to attract its necessary assistance in the economic reconstruction of the country.

Emphasizing particularly the petroleum situation and the need to conserve what should be one of the richest sources of Mexican revenue—now at the lowest point since oil was struck in the Republic—the paper declares editorially: "Capital investments either in the creation of new companies or of improvement of those already existing can not be expected while risks continue to be so grave as they have become in recent years . . .

"Where there is no stability of government and where there is a lack of substantial guaranties, only pirate capital can be expected. In all countries the percentage of profit drops as the risks diminish, but permanent progress of true social life increases . . . "

"In what consists such guaranties as we demand?" the editors ask. They go on to specify proper administration of justice, stable legislation, clearly defined rights and duties to maintain a balance between the public and private interests in production; and cite the oil industry as an example of what they mean.

"Lack of stability in development conditions . . . daily becomes more accentuated. Numerous so-called oil companies have been established in Mexico with the exclusive object of antagonizing serious enterprises, to the extent even of obtaining from them payments to let them work in peace. There have been offices in Tampico which have lived on the business of falsifying titles to property in order to establish lawsuits against legitimate companies.

"Under such circumstances can we expect foreign capital to come to our land? . . . We must begin by effective stabilization of the situation of industries already existing, by making justice prevail, and by affording such enterprises the security necessary for their proper development.

Here at least is the evidence of a healthy faculty for self-criticism.

A FEW months ago Europe was much interested in reports that Mussolini and the Pope were near to a solution of the long-standing "Roman question" concerning the relations between Church and State in Italy and the demand of the Vatican for independent territory of its own with access to the sea. The Outlook printed at the time an article predicting that no settlement would be reached because neither side really desired one. Then a quarrel between the Fascisti and the Catholics broke out over the crucial question of control of education; Mussolini suppressed the Catholic Boy Scouts in favor of the Fascist youth organizations; and the supposedly conciliatory negotiations ended abruptly.

How far the problem is from solution now is evident in an editorial in the semi-official "Osservatore Romano" which voices the views of the Vatican in Rome. The argument that a solution would profit neither side is false, it contends, because peace is always preferable to war. But it comments that this problem which has exercised the minds of the statesmen of Italy for sixty years is today no nearer solution.

The Catholic Church, asserts the "Osservatore," must enjoy a complete independence which will be apparent to all the peoples of the world, in order thoroughly to accomplish its divine ministry. If only this were frankly and loyally admitted, a great step toward the solution of the problem would have been taken.

"The problem has always been approached from paradoxical premises," remarks the editor, "which have naturally led to equally paradoxical conclusions. We need only say that war was never better than peace."

MURDER TRIALS of peculiarly shocking character have made it a serious public question, in States retaining the death penalty, whether this method is best both in its influence as a deterrent and in the effect on the public of spectacular first degree trials and executions. The same question is up for active discussion in Great Britain, where Lord Buckmaster has announced the launching of a national petition for the abolition of the death penalty.

Lord Buckmaster argued that Parliament could not be expected to abolish the death penalty without assurance of public desire, and to that end he felt that a national petition rather than an expensive referendum would be most serviceable

Sir Herbert Samuel, formerly Secretary for Home Affairs, came at once to the support of Lord Buckmaster. As one of the painful duties of his office, he had the experience of refusing reprieves for numerous convicted murderers; and he advocated in a letter to the "Evening News" the creation of a parliamentary commission to study the effect of the abolition of the death penalty in eight States of the United States and in the Scandinavian countries, Holland, and Belgium. Then, if it was found that murders had not increased, Parliament should instruct the Home Secretary to grant reprieves and commutation of death sentences to life imprisonment uniformly, for a certain period, as a test to see what the effect would be on the murder rate in Great Britain.

KING ALBERT of Belgium has finally had to take a hand in the lamentable quarrel over the inscription for the new Library of Louvain, built by American gifts. Whitney Warren, the architect, it will be recalled, had a plan for a carved inscription commemorating the destruction of the historic library by "German fury." The Rector of the University of Louvain opposed this; and a controversy resulted which led to dedication of the building without an inscription and with the architect absent in Paris.

Attempts are now being made, according to the "Independence Belge," to avert a threatened lawsuit between the architect and the rector and to effect a compromise.

In view of the fact that the new structure does not even stand on the site of the one which the Germans did undoubtedly wreck, and that it is not a reconstruction of the original building, the insistence of the American designer appears out of place—not to use any harsher term.

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What the Country Is Thinking

A Review of Editorial Opinion

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

HOW much attention should a candidate for office give to slanders against him? It is easy to answer, No attention whatever. "Never retract; never explain; get it done, and let them howl," is perhaps sound advice in the interest of the candidate himself; but it may not be in the best interest of the country. Political calumny is not merely an offense against the one calumniated; it is an offense against social order and honest government. It is a twin evil with corruption. If it is allowed to flourish among self-governing people it destroys faith in the capacity of the people to choose their leaders, and when that faith is destroyed self-government cannot endure.

On the other hand, too much attention paid to irresponsible gossip reflecting on a candidate's character magnifies it out of true proportion; lends it a false dignity, and even helps to give it circulation. It is impossible to answer every false charge, scotch every lie, or close every gossiping mouth. To turn a campaign into a series of answers to baseless accusation is to render public discussion of important policies and programs impossible.

Every upright candidate unjustly attacked finds himself thus in a dilemma. It is in this dilemma that Governor Smith has been placed. He has firmly grasped one horn and has chosen to answer—not one charge only, but a series of charges. First there was that attack by William Allen White on his votes as an assemblyman on the regulation of liquor selling and prostitution. Then followed the attack by the Rev. Dr. Straton. Then the story, circulated in West Virginia, alleging that he was drunk at a State Fair in New York. Then the renewal, this time by a Massachusetts politician, of charges that he had neglected to restrain a betting pool in Albany. Each time he satisfied political friends and reasonable political foes. Newspaper comment in all sections of the country, so far as I have followed it, has uniformly acquitted the Governor of the offenses alleged or implied. Further than that it has in general strongly resented this sort of political assault.

SCURRILE abuse is no longer a recognized weapon of political warfare in America. It is employed only by guerrillas. It is discountenanced in both camps. It offends public opinion.

Whispering may be more despicable than the old-fashioned open mudslinging, but its very furtiveness is evidence that reckless personal assaults on the character of a public man are under public condemnation.

As various newspapers point out, Governor Smith is undergoing what such men as Lincoln, Garfield, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson had to undergo—some of them in silence. I had a seat-mate on a train some years ago who employed an hour telling the scandals he apparently believed about every President from Grant to Roosevelt. "Whispering" spares no one; and women are not the only gossips.

NEWSPAPER opinion, however, is divided on the question whether Governor Smith was wise to meet these charges personally. The division is not necessarily along party lines. Of course the strongest commendation comes from his partisan supporters. Particularly, in reference to the West Virginia story (which Governor Smith answered by a signed article quoting a letter from a Republican in the New York Legislature in refutation of it) the New Orleans "Times-Picayune" commends his "admirable handling of the incident" and declares that "fair-dealing Americans, regardless of their political affiliations, will rejoice that this ugly underground campaign of whispered slander against an outstanding public official has been dragged into the light and fittingly branded;" and the Louisville "Courier-Journal" believes that if Governor Smith's method "should be generally employed elsewhere, these villainous slanders could be checked, if not stopped." Such opinions might be expected from papers committed to Democratic propaganda; but newspapers that are by no means Smith organs agree with these views.

Still there is evident a widespread feeling that repeated answers to personal charges constitute a sign of weakness. It may be well to prove once that slander can be overtaken; but soon answers to slander become tiresome. It is not surprising that Republican newspapers should see in these answers a bit of wailing for sympathy—or, as the Emporia "Gazette" terms certain editorials of a Democratic neighbor, "Light Whines and Sneers"—but even so staunch a Smith supporter as the New York "World" calls a halt on these replies and says that the real way to deal with "this kind of thing" is "by transcending it"—that is by a positive campaign on issues of importance that will show Governor Smith to be "an authentic leader." And the independent "Springfield Republican" counsels that since the time is growing short there be no more lie-nailing.

IMPORTANT though it is to have slander dragged into the open, the Presidential Campaign is still more important—unless that is to be abandoned for a still higher cause to which the "Rocky Mountain News," a Scripps-Howard paper, suggests that the Governor of New York has dedicated himself; for, it says, "Al has set out to abolish gossip." Even that may be a work of superogation, if the Detroit "News" is to be believed, for it holds that the activities which Dr. Work, the Republican chairman, declares to be "beyond the pale of decent political campaigning" are usually "ineffective and tend to become boomerangs." And the "Free Press" of the same city suggests that the Governor "toughen up his epidermis a little." Too much protesting gives partisan opponents the chance to suspect the protestors of "jumpiness."

After all slander cannot flourish in an atmosphere surcharged with a sense of humor; for, as Montaigne has observed, "Obstinacy of opinion and heat in argument are the surest proofs of folly; is there anything so assured, resolute, disdainful, contemplative, serious, and grave as an ass?"

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Casualties

THERE is a marine private down in Nicaragua who is a very self-reliant person. One has to be self-reliant if one is a marine private.

Consequently when he reached not long ago that stage when most people hurry to the nearest Chinese laundry, the young private set to work diligently and managed to find enough soap and water to accomplish a thorough job on his two pairs of trousers.

But one necessity was lacking. In that wild and picturesque spot he found nothing that could serve the purpose of a clothes line. There were trees, of course; there were innumerable bushes. But of these the marine private was suspicious. There was no telling what might be lurking inside a bush, up a tree. For his trousers he preferred the great open spaces.

He found a space that was admirable. It was wide and clean and grassy. Here the marine private meticulously arranged his two pairs of pants. He surveyed the job and was well satisfied.

But there is a young air pilot in Nicaragua whose business it is to observe. There was no knowing what trouble might be brewing in the innocent looking stretches that lay beneath. The sunshine glinted and glanced from the wings of the airplane to lie softly on the outstretched green and blue beneath. Mischief seemed far away and improbable.

Suddenly the marine pilot gave an exclamation of concern. There from the green loveliness below rose the silent, menacing call of an imperative signal in ground panel code. "Have casualties!" was the desperate appeal that lay in signal form beneath his intent observation.

CAUTIOUSLY the marine plane dropped through the sunlight. Close and closer to land and tree tops and dangerous landing it curved and circled. The minutes dragged into hours and still there was no sound of trouble near that spot below. Yet there the signal screamed under his eyes, "Have casualties!" in two great letter Vs.

The plane dropped nearer still, so near that the pilot could almost see the quality of the material that had gone into the making of that signal.

It was at this moment that the marine private stepped up to his trousers and noticed with complacency how clean they were, and practically dry enough to wear. He stooped and, lifting up a pair, held it with pride against his manly figure, but something overhead distracted his attention.

"Now what the devil is that airplane doing?" he wondered amiably.

For just above the nearby tree tops, like an angry, ruffled bird, an airship of the marine patrol dashed furiously back into the heavens.

The Burglar

IN a large Southern town a whole neighborhood had been terrorized this last summer by the reckless bravado and triumphant skill of an unknown burglar.

House after house was broken into. One family after another reported at police headquarters the extent of their losses. But these every day facts were as nothing compared to the rising uneasiness that gradually enveloped the town.

No one had ever heard this burglar. No one had ever seen his flying shadow. In broad daylight, with no stranger so much as crossing their doorsteps, the good householders would discover their astounding losses. Jewelry laid away only that morning disappeared from bureau drawers. Valuable ornaments vanished from drawing-room mantels. Charming trinkets left lying on tables were suddenly seen no more; and the very pictures left their walls not five minutes after their owners had left the room.

At last the neighborhood organized for the capture of the thief. The newest and most up-to-date burglar traps were set to catch him. Strong men armed themselves with revolvers and hid in closets. Others prowled the neighborhood with shotguns. Those who had brains delved deep into detective lore and went about their home town with mysterious faces and nervous gestures.

THE police were finally at their wits' end. In fact they were fast becoming a silent and morose organization, when one day still another householder in the marked neighborhood came to headquarters with a strange report. She held by the hand her little boy, the youngest of her six children.

Had she complaints to make? She hesitated. Yes—. The child who was with her—her youngest little boy—had always been devoted to her. In fact—she hesitated still more—she might almost say he was too fond of her.

The police official was puzzled. This was a new complaint for his department.

The mother went on with the story. Not long ago the child had begun to bring presents to her, little trinkets—anything that he thought might please his mother. Where they came from he would never say. She had tried to stop him . . . to understand him. But the gifts only increased. She had noticed the value of the things, and as she heard little by little the alarmed rumors of the neighborhood, there was nothing to do but come to headquarters and ask if any of these things had been reported missing.

As she spoke she opened under the very eyes of the official a package of treasures to dazzle him. He looked from the booty spread before him into the unhappy eyes of the mother of six children. Then he looked at the burglar.

"Don't you know," he asked severely, "that it is wrong to steal things?"

The burglar was astonished. "But I was taking them for my mother," he explained in great surprise. "Nobody minded. They didn't see me take them."

The police official was nonplussed. He looked doubtfully at the mother.

"I think," he finally offered, "that you have brought the boy to the wrong place. If I were you I'd take him to a doctor. Meanwhile," he looked at the booty, "I'll attend to all this junk."

It was not long before the mysterious burglar was serving his sentence and lying cheerfully on a hospital cot. He was minus a diseased appendix, minus his tonsils, minus all his loot. The doctor was hopeful that by this means he had cut away also the child's tendencies to burglary. But it was doubtful that he had cured him of a most unreasonable devotion for his mother.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

SOONER or later, we suspect, every playwright, whether he be a Bernard Shaw or a Philip Barry, feels that he must try his hand on a play about marriage. It has remained for Edwin Burke, however, to make it the theme of his first play, in the shape of "This Thing Called Love," brought to Broadway last week.

Mr. Burke views "This Thing Called Love" as the monkey wrench in the machinery, and proves his point very pleasantly by portraying first the life of a married couple who are so passionately in love with each other that they are plunged in interminable quarrels. In fact, life together is almost impossible for them, so violently are their emotions involved. Meanwhile, a sister who has seen the effects of the monkey wrench at close range for some years happens to be proposed to by a rough diamond millionaire from South America with whom she is not in love. This millionaire is not in love either. He merely wants a charming home, beautifully run, beautifully appointed, with a lady at the head of his table who will fulfill the social duties of a wife.

To the sister it occurs that possibly such a marriage of convenience is the only form of marriage wherein any happiness is possible. Because there is no love involved, and so no monkey wrench exists. Upon this business agreement, the two marry.

To the hardened theatre-goer, naturally the outcome of this marriage is never in doubt. He knows that the two are going to fall in love through the slow stages of two more acts. And, of course, this is precisely what happens. With this difference: that love, the monkey wrench, appears at once. And from being perfectly good friends, we behold the spectacle of these two people also as unreasonable as love and jealousy can possibly make them.

Fundamentally, this is Mr. Burke's idea. In working it out, he takes hold of two or three genuine truths about human emotion and succeeds in making it clear that in human relationships the spirit of possession and of jealousy is the real monkey wrench.

In this happy family the trouble begins when the wife gives up what has been her job as hostess, at a salary, to become a wife without a salary. All the pyrotechnics latent between two complexed people in the grip of a strong emotion appear immediately. Only by the utmost difficulty does the heroine succeed in bringing success out of disaster—by looking steadily at her own selfishness, her own mistakes, and her own desire to demand rather than to give.

Photograph by Nicholas Haz.

VIOLET [redacted]NG

As in any play based upon reality the comedy springs naturally from the situations—whether it is from the mystification produced in the heroine's would-be lover because her husband apparently doesn't care whom she sees or how she sees him, to the natural view held by the other people in the play that two people who live together without love are immoral. Mr. Burke even manages adroitly to present the spectacle of marriage without love as conjugal happiness and marriage with love as emotional brickbats. Throughout he follows the reality of each character's emotions without a single false touch; with the result that the play is at times touching, at times amusing; always surprising, and yet absolutely true. To our mind, indeed, it is a distinct achievement, no matter what flaws it may have.

In our view, indeed, Mr. Burke is a better philosopher on the subject of love than he is an expert in playwriting. Because in the course of presenting his story, he brings down his second act curtain on his hero and heroine already married for some months and perfectly happy, and now at least, also in love. Whereupon the average theatre-goer wonders what can happen now. The fairy tale is told, the story is over. But this is not Mr. Burke's idea. When he brings up his curtain on his last act, lo and behold, here is another one-act play, about these same people, it is true, but a one-act play, nevertheless, devoted to saying that in their case also love is the monkey wrench in the machinery!

Such playwriting may possibly be considered in the light of a new dramatic form, wherein the idea behind the play is the main thing and the adventures of the characters secondary and used only to illustrate the theme. It can even be argued that to thus bring down a curtain on the second act is to create a new kind of suspense, which consists in wondering what can happen now.

But the fact is, it seems to us, that suspense is an emotion. It is not an intellectual idea. The audience may wonder what can happen next. But they are not emotionally interested. They are merely intellectually curious. And this is not the same thing by several thousand miles. In any case, if a man is to disregard the emotional interests of his audience he must give them highly seasoned intellectual curiosity as a sop. And the trouble with Mr. Burke is that he doesn't do this. He merely ends his emotional suspense with the second act and arouses no one's intellectual curiosity enough to make the idea of his play carry along.

And yet, even as it is, we would rather see it than any new play on Broadway.

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The Movies

"The Singing Fool"

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

MORE than once we have heard the statement made that Al Jolson is a rotten movie actor. Very well, then—Al Jolson is a rotten movie actor.

And Mussolini has a pet goldfish, named Roscoe, who barks like a dog at the word of command. And cows fly, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce has just been elected a Vestal Virgin.

It's quite possible, we suppose, for a man to be a rotten movie actor and yet keep an audience laughing, cheering and sobbing hysterically through reel upon reel of exacting impersonation; we admit it's possible, and respectfully urge the Jolson-sniffers to name the other movie actors who can do it.

There are other good performers in "The Singing Fool", but only one deserves to share space with the fabulous Al; and we'll mention that performer here and now; the Vitaphone.

With hardly a scratch and with scarcely so much as a fumbled "s" the Vitaphone projects Al Jolson right out into the same Winter Garden balconies which eighteen years ago first rocked delightedly to the strains of "Rum Tum Tiddle." Without the Vitaphone, "The Singing Fool" would be just another "He Who Gets Slapped"; with it—"The Singing Fool" bids fair to be the greatest success in the history of the screen. Granted that Mr. Jolson, like all other great comics, wants to play "Hamlet" and does so practically ad lib., he still qualifies, in "The Singing Fool", as the World's Greatest Entertainer, and the picture gives him opportunities fully equal to any in his long career on the stage. To his credit be it said that he realizes the limitations of his new medium as well as its advantages over the stage, and acts accordingly. At one point in the action he is called upon to go out on the stage just a few minutes after leaving the deathbed of his little boy. The recording orchestra, tempted beyond endurance by this opportunity, shakes out a strain or two of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh".

Does Mr. Jolson laugh? He does not. He cries, dejectedly, wildly—and whispers to the stage manager that he can't go on with it. Time after time when the picture threatens to be swallowed up in the welter of its own tears, Al drags it back by sheer magnetic force.

The baby's vocal contributions are an unfailing delight. His name is David Lee and he is three years old and we should include him in the list of Stars.

No better phrase could be invoked to convey to you the essence of "The Singing Fool" than the very one which Al Jolson himself has made famous:

"Folks" it runs (while Al cocks his head, slightly; and opens up both eyes) "you ain't heard *nothin'* yet!"

AL JOLSON

"Mother Knows Best"

All the comprehension and pinpoint accuracy of Edna Ferber find their way to the screen in this skillful picture, which presents Louise Dresser, Madge Bellamy and Barry Norton in three sympathetic and well-played roles. The Movietone is used with success in a number of sequences and divulges the fact that Madge Bellamy is a speaking actress, and also a mimic, of no mean ability.

We thought the ending fell below the quality of the rest of the picture, but it's a pretty large order to expect of the movies that they build up a tender and heart-tugging love story and then kill off the handsome young hero as a conclusion to it.

Louise Dresser gives, in this picture the best performance she has ever turned in, and she has delivered some awfully good ones. She administers to the part of the selfish mother an injection of frank unattractiveness which is the exact antithesis of its usual treatment, and she holds your sympathetic attention at one and the same time. No small feat.

"The River Pirate"

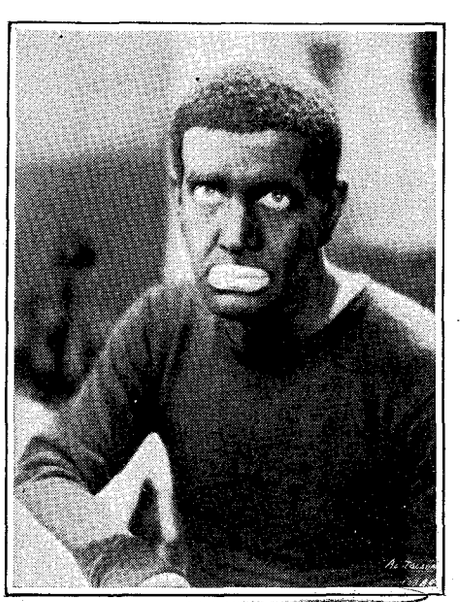
"The River Pirate" is a good, full-bodied story, well done, but it contains one piece of piracy which wasn't committed on the river:

When, in "The Drag Net", Detective Captain George Bancroft sees a black cat crossing his path, and stoops to stroke it, the action saves his life; for at that instant the wall of his office is riddled by a machine gun at just the height of his heart.

In "The River Pirate", Detective Donald Crisp leans over to pet two black kittens, and two revolver bullets sthike a point just above him.

The justification, if any, for this piece of work is presumably to be found in the fact that "The Drag Net" employed one black cat, adult size, whereas "The River Pirate" uses more, and younger, kitties to turn the trick.

Victor MacLaglen does grand work in "The River Pirate" and so do Nick Stuart, Earle Foxe, Lois Moran and Donald Crisp. The subtitles, by Malcolm Boylan, are extremely good and Charles Frances Coe's story is coherent (no crack intended) and, in most respects, original.



AL JOLSON AND THE STARS OF "THE SINGING FOOL"

Lawrence Tibbett

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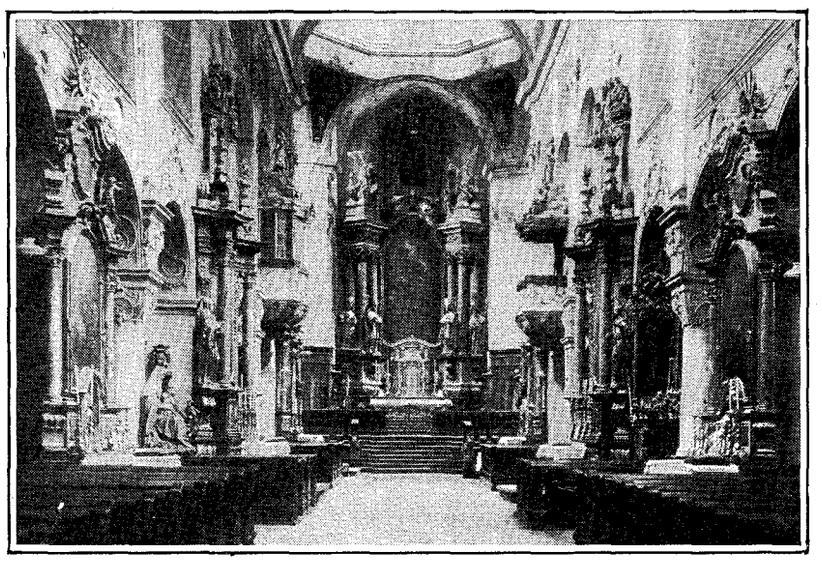
Mozart and His C Minor Mass

By EUGENE BONNER

Salzburg.

NOT the least impressive, as well as interesting, of the many musical happenings of importance which have composed the "Festspiele" here in Salzburg this season, was the superb performance given last Saturday morning (August 18, 1928) in the St. Peterskirche of the Mozart Mass in C Minor, almost one hundred and thirty-five years to the day, after the date of its first performance in this very church.

Few, if any, of the works of the young genius of Salzburg have undergone as many changes, revisions and additions as has been the fate of this splendid unfinished piece of work, destined to have such a checkered career and finally after one hundred and thirty-four years of neglect to emerge in a form that will in all probability from now on be recognized as the permanent and most satisfactory arrangement.



ST. PETERSKIRCHE, SALZBURG

Before his marriage Mozart had made a vow that if Constanze, his fiancée who was then very ill, should recover and marry him he would write a Mass and have it performed in the St. Peterskirche in Salzburg.

In his letter of January 4, 1783, to his father he expresses himself on the subject as follows: " . . . I have really promised it from my heart and I hope also faithfully to fulfill my promise . . . My wife was, when I promised it, still single, but I was determined to marry her as soon as she should be well again, so I could easily promise."

Hermann Abert in his work on Mozart thinks that the promise above quoted refers, not to the promise made to Constanze before their marriage, but to another pledge made later on when her first accouchement was approaching, and that this promise refers to the finishing of the once promised but only partially composed Mass, as in a letter of January, 1783, he speaks of half a Mass already done.

At any rate in August the opening Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus and Benedictus were complete, but only parts of the Credo. Evidently the missing parts were taken from another Mass of the composer, as the work was given for the first time August 25, 1783, in the St. Peterskirche under the personal direction of Mozart, and the soprano part was sung by Constanze herself on that occasion. So much for the first version of this work.

When in Vienna in 1785 Mozart was commissioned to write an oratorio for a benefit performance of the Tonkünstler Societät, he used, on account of lack of time, a goodly portion of the music of this C Minor Mass, for which one of the poets about the Court composed a new text. This oratorio was written on the often used subject of "Davide Penitente."

To fit a new text to music already composed was not at all unusual at that period, and in this case the poet applied himself to his task with great enthusiasm, adapting his poem with great care to the character of the already completed music of Mozart. All the different sections of the Mass were used with the exception of the Sanctus, the Benedictus, and the unfinished Credo, and used with very slight modifications at that. Two newly composed arias were added of a somewhat different style of composition as contrasted to the older section of this work. In this new form the work had many performances both in Vienna and abroad, but the Mass as a mass remained unperformed.

It is thanks to a complete performance given of the C minor Mass in Dresden in an arrangement made by Alois Schmitt and Ernst Lewicki that interest was revived in this work. This version was first given April 3, 1901, in Dresden by the Mozart Society of that city. Other performances in different German cities quickly followed. In this arrangement the adapters took what was lacking in the work from other sacred compositions, Masses and Oratorios, of Mozart, and even composed some transitions for the work themselves, as much as possible in the style of the Master.

Although this version was altogether praiseworthy, and made it possible to perform the Mass, many comments were made about the patchwork character of the thing as a whole. Many thought it would be wiser to make another version that would have more unity. This was done for the performance that took place in 1927 and met with approval on all sides. It is this version that was used last Saturday here in the St. Peterskirche in Salzburg.

As the work now stands, the original C minor Mass is completed, not by a conglomeration of different pieces put together, but the corresponding parts of one other Mass only—that in C major. The Credo is still defective, while the Agnus Dei is arranged to the music of the Kyrie of the C minor, a proceeding not unusual in Mozart's time, and a plan he himself adopted in his great "Requiem."

The performance given in the St. Peterskirche on Saturday was as near perfect as possible. The beautiful old baroque church, practically unchanged since Mozart's time, was the perfect setting for such a revival.

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Football, Hard and Handsome

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

BETTER football than ever this year—harder than ever in shock action, handsomer than ever in appearance — more intersectional battles, "cagier" play—this is the outlook for the gridirons of 1928. The same old story, you say? No, because football is one of the great games that never stand still. All the standardization of rules, all the standardization of instruction that the big coaching schools have been working at for a dozen years or more, cannot turn the progress of the game into a groove. And the main reason for that is the constantly changing personnel. All this standardization of which I speak has been directed toward one ideal—it is practically a paradox—the reaching of a stage in which practically all that is to be known of the technique of the game has been spread over every section of the country. Thus more teams equipped with equal knowledge of the game are meeting than ever before, with the result that the victory goes to the superior personnel. This is as it should be, the ideal toward which rule makers and coaches have been steadily pushing for years. Hence the paradox—the greater the standardization the greater the individual opportunity.

In these early weeks of the season the coaches ask you, when you have seen one of their coming rivals in action, not "What plays have they got?" but, "What kind of men have they got?" These coaches know that their rival coaches know as much about the game as they do, but they do not know the latent possibilities of some of the rival material. For example. No very great section of the public has heard of Davis-Elkins. Yet Davis-Elkins is to play Army and Navy. Supplementing the work of the regular coach, Henderson, there has been a coaching school in that section conducted by Dr. C. W. ("Fat") Spears, now of Minnesota, and of which Davis-Elkins has had the benefit. It being well known that Spears's "fatness" stops on its way north exactly at the neck, it follows that Davis-Elkins will take the field as well prepared in knowledge of the game as any team in the land, which would not have been the case some years ago. Now since it also happens that Davis-Elkins is blessed with excellent material, neither the Army nor the Navy considers this a "practise" game by any means.

There are other teams of which little is heard in the newspapers which have backgrounds like those of Davis-Elkins, and personnel fit to play on any "big" team. It is the fact that so little is known of them that rates their victories over better known institutions as "upsets." In the strictest sense there are no "upsets" in football. But the so-called "upsets" can be forecast only by those who know absolutely every circumstance connected with the preparation of the two teams in action, especially the state of the "morale" on the day. This question of "morale" for instance, will this year considerably affect the first appearance of Stanford in the East, its game against the Army in New York. Under Warner's coaching it will be technically close to perfection, and in personnel it should be a match for any one. Just what effect two hard games in a row on the eve of a transcontinental journey will have when the team reaches New York no one knows. The result of this game, therefore, will be of surpassing interest. There are similar problems affecting other coaches. Oregon State, for instance, is to make a similar journey, and will play throughout the season a schedule that will account for more mileage than that of any other team. In the past Notre Dame has been the most traveled of all teams, but the morale has survived as a rule under mysterious personal influence of Knute Rockne, the coach.

Underwood
STAGG OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

One remembers the year that Illinois, with the great Grange in action at a time when he was the best known player in the world, reached the Ohio State stadium at Columbus. There was literally a popular uprising to see him. Just before the game, the sometimes sardonic Zuppke of Illinois told Grange and the rest of the team: "The parade is over; there's a football game out there. Go get it." And it was so.

THIS morale is of greater importance than ever this year, because of the heavy schedules undertaken by almost every eleven of the first class, many of the best games being outside of their traditional and standard engagements. It is commonly understood that any team can be at its peak twice, or at the most three times in the course of a season. There are exceptions, notably the eleven "iron men" of Brown two years ago, but in that case there was a bad reaction on the part of practically the same team the following year. And no coach cares for that sort of reaction, since he is building not for a single year, but for a term of years. So if your favorite eleven, which may at the start look fit to clean up the schedule, comes a cropper in mid-season, do not despair—it may take its final "big game" in a burst of glory.

On the other hand it is well known that Harvard and Yale set a victory of one over the other beyond price. Both come along by steady stages, and the winning coach is happy indeed over his final victory. But it is human nature for the players to want to knock off as much of the rest of the schedule as possible. So it is hard at times to hold a team back in mid-season, one of the stiffest tests of the ability of any coach. This, too, is a question of morale. Dartmouth faces the question of morale this year, and so does Illinois, to mention only two. Dartmouth has at hand unquestionably the most promising material in the East,

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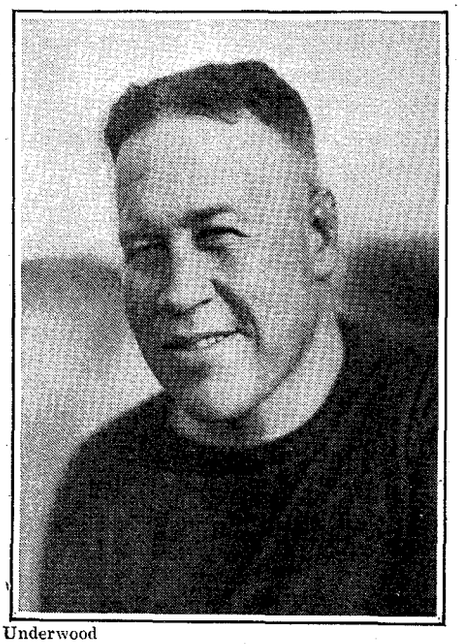


Underwood

JONES OF WEST POINT

both in quantity and quality. Here Hawley's task will be to avoid overconfidence, for without doubt his team will get away to an impressive start. Illinois goes into action carrying the title of Western Conference champions. The starless team of a year ago is now a team of stars, and if there is anything that Zuppke dislikes it is a star in any other stage than incipiency.

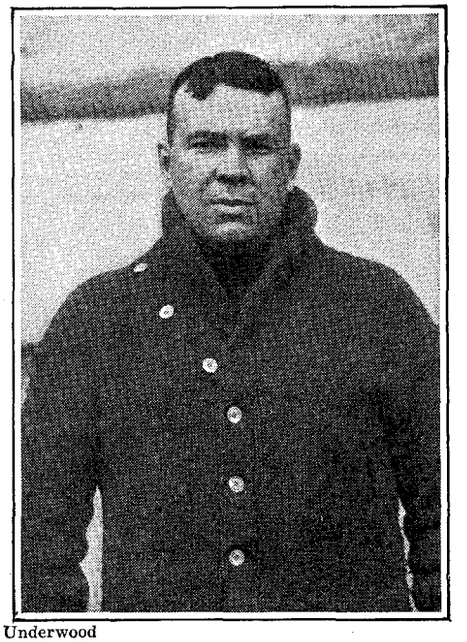
From pretty well over the country come stories of first class material with the exception of ends. That is the way it runs, oddly enough. One year there is a dearth of backs, another year a scarcity of line men. These days, however, they are growing the American collegian so high and wide and handsome that this season and subsequent seasons ought to produce some exceptional forwards. The modern game, incidentally, has made play far more interesting for the line man. He has duties on his shoulders never imposed on many even of his famous predecessors, and his possible range is greater than it ever has been in the history of the game. His name gets into the newspapers—and let his elders not begrudge him that satisfaction, for said elders have been known to crave a little publicity now and then on their own account.

This season, of course, we shall miss the ancient Army-Navy game, which, by the way, is only a greater incentive toward victory when each team plays Notre Dame. That will be the real comparison of strength between the two. And while Rockne has some eight or nine positions to fill before he really gets under way this season, there is little doubt that he will turn out one of his sound, standard elevens, with the possibility that a new star or two will be developed, or an old one, like the versatile Niemic, rise to new heights. Marsters of Dartmouth, Cagle of West Point, French of Harvard, Wittmer of Princeton, are some of the well remembered names in the East which will undoubtedly reappear in the headlines, and there are Lloyd and Spring of the Navy and a host of others to be looked forward to as old favorites. The outlook for the East, indeed, is better than it has been in a long time. We can be pretty sure of very strong teams at Yale, Army, Pittsburgh, Dartmouth, Harvard, N.Y.U., Princeton and Georgetown. Yale has lost Caldwell, its great back of a year ago, Webster, the star guard, along with Scott and Fishwick, the two splendid ends. But the veterans include Captain Eddy, Charlesworth, as fine a centre as has appeared in a long time, and Hoben, Decker and Garvey in the backfield. Mal Stevens, the new head coach, will have a fairly imposing squad to work with. Eddie Casey turned out a fine Freshman eleven at Harvard last year, and in addition to this material Arnold Horween has some excellent veterans, notably Captain French, Guarnaccia, Gilligan and Bacheler, on whom to rely.

Carnegie Tech last year had one of the best Freshmen teams in the East, and the Tartans should be even stronger this season than they were a year ago. Syracuse, Penn. State, Colgate, Brown, Lafayette, and Columbia ought to have teams that are better than fair, albeit Columbia has practically a new backfield to build up. Pennsylvania has suffered some serious losses, but the material seems this year to be again up to standard. More will be known about the Quakers after the battle with the Navy.

The prospects in the Western Conference naturally favor Illinois this time, but Northwestern undoubtedly will be better than it was a year ago, and Wisconsin, which this season tackles Notre Dame, seems headed toward one of the best elevens it has had in recent years. The return of Fielding Yost to active coaching at Michigan undoubtedly will mean a much stronger eleven at Ann Harbor. There have been those unkind enough to suggest that Yost retires when the material is not promising and returns to action when the reverse is true. I am inclined for my part to do Yost the honor of believing that he is a better coach than any other that handles the Maize and Blue, good as those men have been. It is the personality, after all, that counts, and Yost has that in large measure. Dr. Wilce is in his last year of coaching at Ohio State, for which reason, and others, everybody wishes him well. He has good material at hand, and he is an able coach, but for some time the institution has allowed the old fraternity trouble to hamper the team. With that on the shelf there is good reason to expect a standard Buckeye eleven.

Just at this writing there seems to be every prospect of the usual high standard of play on the Pacific Coast, where the classiest of material is almost always at hand. There is one intersectional game of moment that will mean a lot to football even though the East has nothing to do with it. This is the clash in Chicago of A. Alonzo Stagg's Maroon eleven with Washington. Clear at the end of the season Notre Dame will journey all the way to the coast for a game with Southern California, and this battle, too, will have a distinct bearing on the ultimate ratings of the season. Competent and upon occasion quite frank coaches of the Middle West will tell you that Howard Jones had a great deal to do with the permanent improvement of modern football in their section, and now he is at Southern California, where he has put in the same sound sytem that has given him his share of victories from one seaboard to the other.



Underwood

INGRAM OF ANNAPOLIS

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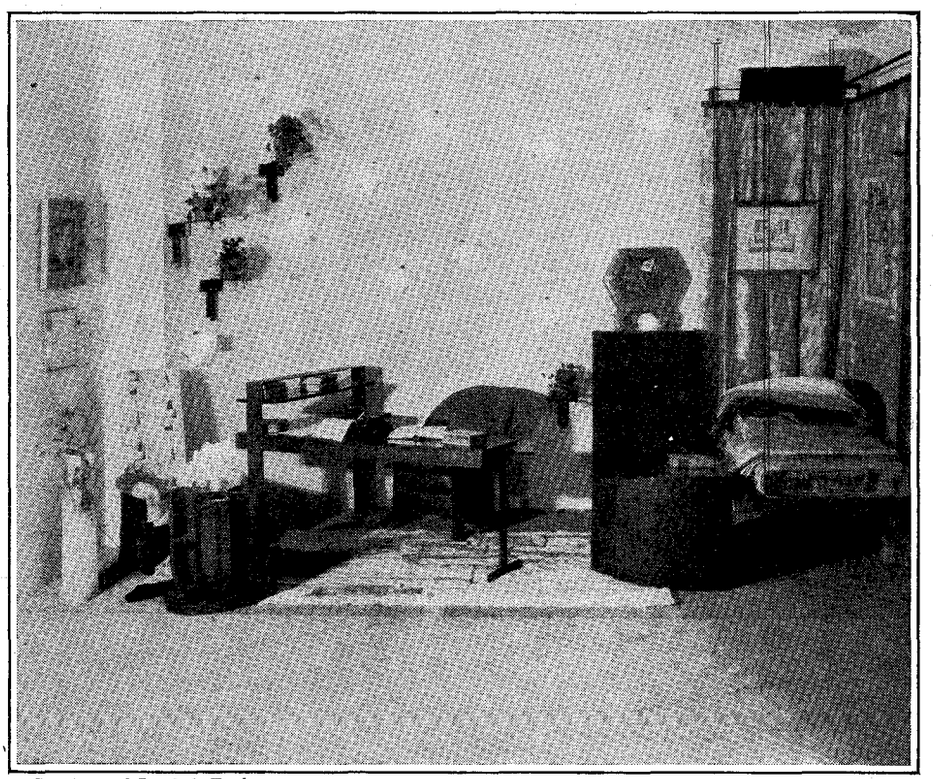
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE believe it was about six months ago that we went to an exposition of *l'art décoratif et la peinture moderne française* at Lord & Taylor's. Having gracefully but rather inadequately described some of the furniture and decorations to you, we expressed regret that we were not allowed to show you more exactly what they were like, by means of our own drawings or of the less artistic but possibly more accurate photograph. Now that an occasional picture is allowed us, we are going to show you some of these things, in the belief that although six months has passed since we told you about them, they are still modern.



Courtesy of Lord & Taylor.

A MAN'S ROOM—MODERN STYLE

The room shown here is a man's study by Pierre Chareau. The desk—described in the March 21 issue—is of wrought iron and rosewood. The bed is suspended from the ceiling on double iron rods, and is a little like a porch hammock, being capable of various adjustments. The floor stand in the left hand corner is of alabaster. The eleven lights which are spotted over the wall are also of alabaster, and the wall brackets are of wrought iron. In the right foreground is a low rosewood fan table.

This room may look bizarre to you, but we submit that it is both comfortable and practical. The desk is convenient and workable, the chairs and bed comfortable, the tables low and within reach of the hand.

BASSICK Nomar Furniture Rests are a good substitute for casters on furniture which doesn't have to be moved around a great deal, or for light chairs which do get moved around. They are flattish disks made of an unbreakable substance called Atlasite which won't crack or chip. They come in four sizes, from 1¼ to 2½ inches in diameter. They will slide easily over wood floors, rugs or linoleum, are unobtrusive in appearance, and easy to attach. The thing we like best about them is that if you are in the habit of tilting back your chair and putting your feet on table, mantelpiece or other convenient spot, there is a sort of swivel arrangement in them which keeps them flat on the floor no matter how far back you may tilt the chair.

THE Post-Box Book Service is a useful thing for people who want to buy books and are out of touch with bookstores. It will get any book for you anywhere and send it postage prepaid at the publisher's price. If you're interested in any particular subject it will keep you informed of books on that subject; it will look for out-of-print books; and will answer your questions and advise you about buying books for others. It holds standing orders for current first editions, and for weekly or monthly book packets, selected for individual tastes. It will take care of your magazine subscriptions, and will send books in decorative gift packets as holiday or wedding presents.

A MAP of the Holy Land, 22 by 32 inches, designed by Harold Haven Brown, and printed in seven colors, was given to us yesterday. Besides the fact that it is very colorful and would make an interesting wall decoration, it should be of considerable value to any one interested in Bible history—and who with any pretensions to culture is not? Not as useful, of course, as Lewis Browne's Graphic Bible, which contains a hundred or so charts; nevertheless the best single map we have seen. In reading the Bible, it should be easy with this map to get your bearings quickly and accurately. There are four inset maps: Jerusalem, the environs of Jerusalem, a contour map and a map of the elevations and depressions. We recommend it to your attention.

IF you're a tennis player and at times find yourself unable to get any practice, why not get a "Kum Back" Tennis Trainer? It is said to improve your game tremendously and give you a chance for practicing all sorts of strokes. We don't understand about it very well, not having seen it, but we've been told about it and seen pictures of it. The ball is suspended on a cord between two slender uprights, so that when hit it comes back at you. We judge you have to be pretty spry not to let it sock you in the eye. But it ought to be good exercise dodging it anyway. You can put it up in the back yard or on a city roof.

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What Wilson Did To Mexico

(Continued from Page 886)

Mexico City, forced President Wilson himself to telegraph Carranza and Obregon a note which read in part:

"THE Government of the United States is led to believe that a deplorable situation has been wilfully brought about by Constitutionalist leaders and forces upon a populace submissive to their incredible demands. . .

"When a factional leader preys upon a starving city to compel obedience to his decrees by inciting outlawry, and at the same time uses means to prevent the city from being supplied with food, a situation is created which is impossible for the United States to contemplate longer with patience.

"The Government of the United States therefore desires General Obregon and General Carranza to know that it has, after mature consideration, determined that if, as a result of the situation for which they are responsible, Americans will suffer by reason of the conduct of the Constitutionalist forces in the city of Mexico, or because they fail to provide means of protection to life and property, will hold General Obregon and General Carranza personally responsible therefor.

"Having reached this determination with the greatest consideration, the Government of the United States will take such measures as are expedient to bring to account those who are personally responsible for what may occur."*

Six hours after receiving this note, Obregon entrained his soldiers with whatever they could carry away from Mexico City, and was en route to Vera Cruz.

Then the Zapatistas reentered the city and established a semblance of order. But Obregon came back repeatedly, and the capital changed hands so frequently that a humorist posted a placard on the main door of the National Palace, reading:

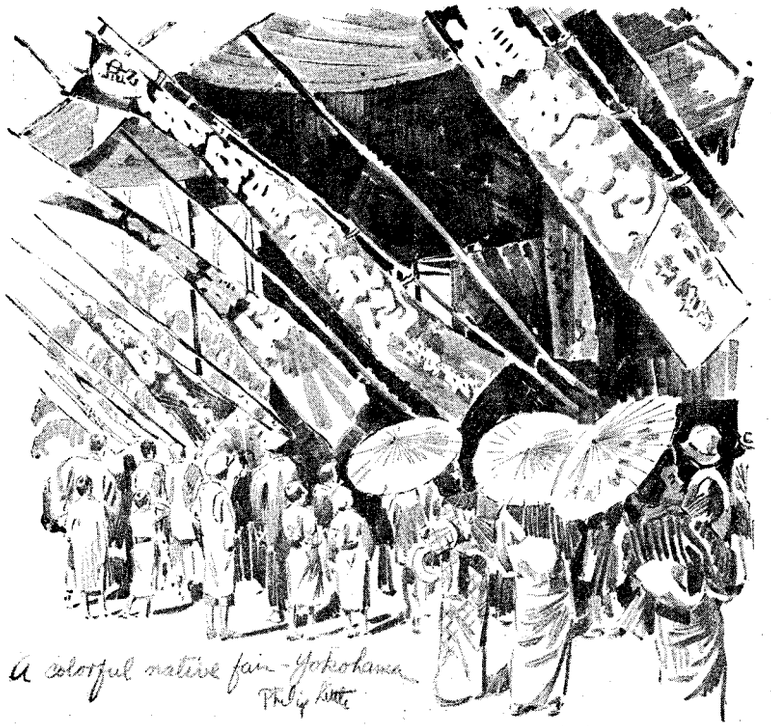
FOR RENT
By Day, Week, or Month
Apply to the White House, Washington

Every faction entering the capital of the Republic brought its own "currency" and nullified that of its predecessor. Gold, silver and copper disappeared, and misery and starvation followed.

Through looting, Carranza had money enough to organize forces and be prepared to meet Villa. But the

*Message of Mar. 9, 1915.

(Continued on Page 911)



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The "Fisher Boys"

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE "Fisher Boys" of Detroit have built up a tremendous industry which is now a sub-division of the General Motors Corporation, they are among the very wealthiest Americans and they have been leaders in the bull market of the last five years. From the business point of view, they are a decidedly interesting group.

Their standing in the financial community was illustrated a few days ago by the report that Fred J. Fisher, oldest of the seven brothers, who looks like Henry L. Mencken, was to become a director of the New York Central Railroad. The report proved to be untrue, or at least premature, but the serious consideration given the possibility of one of the Fishers joining the most exclusive directorate in the country indicates the esteem they command.

Inspirational business literature would have us believe that successful industrial executives ignore the stock market and "attend strictly to business." The financial writers who love to stud their comments with names imply that most of these executives must be ruining their eyes by staring nervously at the ticker tape for five hours a day as they operate in stocks of their own and of other companies.

Neither conception is entirely accurate, although the first is decidedly the more truthful. The average executive gives his chief attention to the internal affairs of his organization but, if he believes that the company's stock is due for a rise or a fall, he usually tries to benefit from his inside knowledge.

None of the important leaders today are ghouls like Grew, Fisk and Gould, who could gladly wreck an organization in order to facilitate a market operation. A president or a chairman of the board of directors operates his business as ably as he can. If he is meeting with success, he buys the company's stock. If his efforts seem to fail, he sells it.

THE great majority are not operators. They do not take any very serious interest in the stocks of companies with which they are not connected. An important minority, though, have succeeded in running their own companies with transcendent ability and have at the same time speculated extensively. Of this minority, the most conspicuous examples probably are the Fisher brothers—Fred J., Charles, William A., Lawrence P., Edward F., Alfred J. and Howard. Howard, only twenty-six, is still learning, but the others all pull their weight.

Both of the essentials of a "business romance" are to be found in the career of the Fisher brothers. Starting with nothing, they acquired fabulous wealth. Their holdings undoubtedly are worth nearly two hundred million dollars and they may total more than a quarter of a billion.

In the middle of the last century, Andrew Fisher ran a little carriage shop in the village of Peru, Ohio. His sons, Lawrence and Andrew, carried on the business in the neighboring town of Norwalk until the beginning of this century and doubtless planned to turn the shop over to some of Lawrence's seven sons. Some of the sons started to work for their father when they were in their early teens—none carried on their education to the college stage—but it did not take them long to outgrow Norwalk.

They did not outgrow the carriage business immediately. Fred and Charles went to Detroit and made rapid progress in the Wilson carriage works, the leader in its field. There they helped build some of the first automobile bodies. Seeing the great possibilities in the new industry more clearly than their superiors, they started the Fisher Body Company in 1909 with a capital of $50,000, nearly all of it borrowed.

THE growth of the Fisher Body Company, later the Fisher Body Corporation, went on at a terrific and almost unbroken pace. In 1919, when General Motors bought control, it was larger than any two of its competitors. In its stride it absorbed all of the other brothers except Howard.

It was the absorption of the Corporation by General Motors, which became complete two years ago, that started the brothers on the most interesting part of their career. Of this period little definite is known, but the unofficial reports have been so strongly corroborated that the story seems pretty clear.

Still tremendously confident in the future of the automobile business in general, particularly of General Motors, they borrowed money with which to buy General Motors stock. Their fantastic profits in these operations gave them the funds for more extended activity.

Their most spectacular coup was their purchase of the Baldwin Locomotive Company in the open market. At 150, Baldwin stock looked too high in relation to earnings and many speculators sold it short. At the expense of these speculators and of others who sold it on the way up, the Fisher Brothers and their associates ran the price up to 250, piling up big profits as they purchased and sold through clever manipulators. Then it was discovered that the Fishers had obtained voting control.

Other daring operations have increased their wealth and given them control of Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing, and heavy representation in Texas Company, Radio, Richfield Oil and many other important organizations for which they see prosperous futures.

Meanwhile four of them have been working hard as officers and directors of General Motors and in various real estate and other companies of their own.

It is taken for granted that they will combine Baldwin and Westinghouse before long, but no one can guess how many other schemes they have up their sleeve. The average age of the brothers is only about forty, and they are all convinced that the next twenty years will see an even more amazing growth of American industry than the last twenty. They expect that their interests will grow even faster than those of the country as a whole.

Personally, they do not differ greatly from the average American. They work hard but they have time for golf, yachting and other sports and they are not hermits.

The Fishers are not timid in backing their optimism and, if the next few years should see serious depression, they might have tough going. But, if their view of the future is the correct one, their progress from the carriage shop to their position today may eventually prove to be the least impressive period of their progress.

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What Wilson Did To Mexico

(Continued from Page 909)

masses of the people would not join the ranks of Carranza.

Obregon then impressed the "First Chief" with the idea that he must cater to the I. W. W. element. Again we pick up the red thread through the maze. An alliance was formed with the radicals, and their organization was made an official arm of the "government" and the nucleus of the first proletarian army.

The I. W. W. of communist organization in Mexico, sprang from the Graphic Arts Confederation, founded in 1910 by two Spanish Communists. A little later, in 1911, some of its members separated and formed the "Casa del Obrero Mundial" (House of the Workers of the World) as a branch of the I. W. W. of the United States. Early in 1911, the expenses of this Mexican organization were being paid by the revolutionaries. When Madero came into power, his brother Gustave incorporated the Casa del Obrero Mundial in the "Blackjack," as an instrument of intimidation and terror. Carranza established the Mexican I. W. W. openly and assisted its work until it was transformed into the C. R. O. M. (Confederacion Regional Obrero Mexicana) or Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor.

THE formal compact between the "Workers of the World" of "Casa del Obrero Mundial," dated at Vera Cruz, February 17, 1915, contained nine clauses and was officially signed by representatives of both parties.

The "Workers of the World" agreed to make active propaganda among the Mexican Laborers in behalf of the Carranzista revolution; they would form revolutionary centres and supervise the organization of workers into labor unions; they would fill the ranks of the Carranzista army on condition that (Clause 9) "The workers who take no arms in the Constitutionalist Army and the workingmen who give their services for attention to and treatment of the wounded, or other similar services, shall have but one denomination whether they be organized in companies, battalions, regiments, brigades or divisions. All shall be designated as "Reds."

The Carranza "government" on its part agreed to furnish the necessary funds and to enact and enforce decrees to improve the conditions of labor in Mexico.

Carranza did not know that this compact would take him to the enactment of the Constitution of 1917, and later on to his assassination.

With the aid of the "Workers of the World" and with a free hand to plunder, Obregon was in a position to meet Villa, who was coming from the north. The encounter took place in the vicinity of the city of Celaya. They fought until Villa retired because of lack of ammunition.

The sufferings of the Mexican people during the struggle between Carranzistas and Villistas is very accurately described in a note addressed by President Wilson to Carranza and Villa on July 2, 1915.

After stating that for more than two years Mexico had been in revolution and that the leaders, at the very hour of success, had disagreed and turned their arms against one another, President Wilson said:

MEXICO is apparently no nearer the end of her tragical troubles than she was when the revolution was first kindled. And she has been swept by civil war as if by fire. Her crops are destroyed, her fields lie unseeded, her work cattle are confiscated for the use of the armed factions, her people flee to the mountains to escape being drawn into unavailing bloodshed, and no man seems to see or lead the way to peace and settled order. There is no proper protection either for her own citizens or for the citizens of other nations resident and at work within her territory. Mexico is starving and without a government. . . . I therefore publicly and very solemnly call upon the leaders of factions in Mexico to act, to act together and to act promptly for the relief and redemption of their prostrated country." The note ended by stating that if the factions did not make peace, the government of the United States "will be constrained to decide what means should be employed by the United States."

These words of President Wilson sound strange in the light of the facts. If he was anxious to see peace and order reestablished in Mexico, he should not have abandoned to Carranza the port of Vera Cruz; he should not have encouraged factional war by stating as he did on January 8, 1915, in his speech at Indianapolis: "It is none of my business; it is none of your business how long they take in determining it. It is none of my business and it is none of your business how they go about the business. Haven't the European nations taken as long as they wanted and spilled as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs? Shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak?" Above all, if President Wilson had wanted to relieve my unfortunate country, he should have used the legal and efficacious means he had at hand. That is, the embargo on arms and ammunition.

VILLA, his fortunes on the decline, answered President Wilson's note indicating his willingness to accept the suggestion; Carranza's reply was that he would not compromise with his enemies and would never admit the right of the President of the United States to interfere in the internal affairs of Mexico.

Carranza's rebuff caused President Wilson to turn again to South America. As a result, the representatives of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Uruguay, and Guatemala at Washington, joined the United States in suggesting to the Mexican factional leaders that they send representatives to a conference to compose their differences and organize a government. Villa accepted and appointed his delegates. Carranza again refused.

Then, President Wilson sent another personal representative to Mexico to try to find out what should be done as between Carranza and Villa. The new investigator was Mr. Paul Fuller, an eminent international lawyer, equipped with fluent Spanish and a knowledge of the people concerning whom he was to make his report. Mr. Fuller grasped the situation as it was, and advised President Wilson that Villa was right and that Carranza was "an impossibility" devoured by personal ambition. Then, to the consternation of those who foresaw its consequences, President Wilson recognized Carranza on October 19, 1915, as the head of the *de facto* Government of Mexico. It was stated in justification of the recognition that the United States yielded to the recommendation of the six American nations that joined in the attempt to seek a solution of the Mexican problem. The facts are otherwise. Tremendous pressure was brought to bear upon the conference by President Wilson through the State Department, before the South Americans gave their assent.

The recognition of Carranza was

(Continued on Page 916)

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Beveridge's Lincoln

By Lawrence F. Abbott

Abraham Lincoln 1809-1858. By Albert J. Beveridge. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company. Two Volumes.

MORE than one *magnum opus* is too much to expect from an author, especially when his active life has been spent in a field not conducive to literature. Let it be said at the outset, therefore, that the admirers of Senator Beveridge's "Marshall" will be a little disappointed in his "Lincoln" if they allow their anticipations to outrun their reason. The "Marshall" stands in a class by itself—the finest piece of historical biography produced in America and one of the three or four finest in the English language. The "Lincoln," which was incomplete when death struck down its brilliant author, can be called only a studious and extraordinarily painstaking contribution to the ever growing mass of Lincolncana. The "Marshall" is definative, final, unique. It is not only a flowing and absorbing story, but it is doubtful if anything can ever add to it or supplant it as an accurate and historical picture of the life and times of one of the finest and most influential of the "fathers" of the country. The "Lincoln" must take its place among a dozen other works in its class, although it may prove to be a mine of information to future writers on the subject, for Mr. Beveridge's industry in exhuming and citing buried and forgotten political, personal, legal, legislative and journalistic records is well-nigh incredible. Indeed, this perhaps proved to be his undoing. For the two volumes now posthumously published, which take Lincoln only to the verge of his nomination for the Presidency, are so full of notes and *oratio obliqua* that the reader sometimes cannot "see the woods for the trees." It is true that from the mass of documentary and oratorical evidence which Mr. Beveridge accumulated Lincoln frequently shines out a very human and alluring figure. But these are nuggets that require somewhat laborious mining. On the whole Mr. Beveridge was so conscientious and painstaking, so determined not to let political prejudice or personal idolatry sway his pen, that his book is a little lacking in sustained narrative interest. Aside from the monumental and definitive biography by Hay and Nicolay (in ten volumes, and few people read ten volumes on any given subject in this radio and movie age), the present reviewer believes that the amateur of biography can get an entirely trustworthy and satisfactory portrait of Lincoln from the single volumes of Carl Schurz, Jesse W. Weik, Alonzo Rothschild and Lord Charnwood—notably Charnwood.

It must not be supposed, however, that it is the purpose of this criticism to write down or minify the Beveridge biography. It is a dignified and useful piece of work. Perhaps if it did not suffer by comparison with the "Marshall" it might be called a great piece of work in the realm of historical study. It is certainly a credit to the author's memory.

There remain to be said two things—one of the author and one of his subject.

Senator Beveridge was himself an interesting historical character. Born on a farm in Ohio in 1862, he once said of himself in an autobiographical note that "from the age of twelve he led a life of privations—plowboy at twelve, railroad laborer at fourteen, logger and teamster at fifteen." He put himself through high school and college, studied law and was elected to the United States Senate from Indiana at thirty-seven years of age, chiefly because of his renown as "an orator and Republican campaign speaker," to use his own phrase. He was facetiously referred to by his legislative colleagues as "the boy Senator," and there were those who said of him, as Lord Melbourne said of Lord Macaulay, that they wished they were as cocksure of anything as he was of everything. After serving the Republican party for twelve years as an orthodox party senator, he followed Roosevelt into the Progressive party, and in that famous contest he coined two phrases which contained, and still contain, much epigrammatic truth—"the invisible government" and "pass prosperity around." Having retired, or been ousted, from active politics, he turned his attention to political history, and his "Marshall" is the fruit of that fortunate change—a striking illustration of the old Hebraic saying that he that loseth his life shall save it. He threw himself into the study of American history, and as he did so his partisanship grew steadily less and the sweep of his view constantly broadened. His "Marshall' has been criticized because of its lack of sympathy with Jefferson. This lack of sympathy, if it existed, was the last vestige of his party training. Not long before his death he told the present reviewer that if he were to do the "Marshall" over

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, by Louis Bromfield: Stoke. Several good but not very original tales tied into a makeshift novel. To be reviewed next week.

All Kneeling, by Anne Parrish: Harpers. This amusing story of a sweet trouble maker will please those who like their irony very light. Reviewed September 19th.

The Children, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. This excellent novel about the sad fate of the children of the easily and often divorced is one of Mrs. Wharton's best. Reviewed last week.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: A. A. Knopf. Enough like Sorrell and Son to please those who enjoyed that book. To be reviewed next week.

Destiny Bay, by Donn Byrne: Little, Brown and Co. Reviewed next week.

Non-Fiction

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: G. P. Putnams Sons. Reviewed in this issue.

Story of Oriental Philosophy, by L. Adams Beck: Cosmopolitan. To be reviewed later.

"Disraeli," by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Benet: Doubleday, Doran and Co. This noble attempt at an American epic deserves wide reading. It contains some of the finest of contemporary verse. Reviewed September 5th.

Adventures of an African Slaver by Captain Canot, edited by Malcolm Cowley: A. and C. Boni. This lively and blood-curdling story of adventure will please most readers. Reviewed July 25.

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again he should considerably modify his estimate of Jefferson. It was perhaps this reaction against the bitterness of partisanship and sectionalism that led him to over-emphasize, as many readers of the "Lincoln" will feel, the unpleasant faults of the abolitionists, the insignificant peccadilloes of Lincoln and the glamorous virtues of the Southern planters and philosophical secessionists.

Notwithstanding Senator Beveridge's evident desire to be fair to Lincoln's opponents and contemners, the figure of the "great emancipator" emerges from his pages, solitary, sometimes melancholy, often pathetic but always shining. There are those who seem to think that Lincoln's election to the presidency effected in him a mysterious sea change, that, like Saul into Paul, he was converted by a kind of lightning stroke from a vulgar country pettifogger into the noble statesman who wrote the Gettysburg Address. Nothing could be further from the truth. Lincoln's progress was an evolutionary, steady, self-determined progress, as Senator Beveridge clearly shows. He was not a twice-born man. But although intensely human, his patience and complete freedom from vanity and resentment can be described by scarcely any other adjective than divine. A single incident related by Senator Beveridge justifies such a superlative. In the famous McCormick reaper case of 1855, George Harding, a distinguished patent lawyer of Philadelphia, and Edwin M. Stanton appeared for the defendants. Harding thought it desirable to employ a local Illinois lawyer as counsel and "Abe" Lincoln was engaged. In the trial, however, both Harding and Stanton ignored him and in various ways treated him with contempt and humiliation:

"I am going home to study law! I am going home to study law!" he [Lincoln] exclaimed repeatedly, as he and Emerson [one of the defendants] walked from the court room down to the river when the hearing had ended. Emerson said that that was what he had been doing. "No," Lincoln replied, "not as these college bred men study it. I have learned my lesson. These college bred fellows have reached Ohio, they will soon be in Illinois, and when they come, Emerson, I will be ready for them."

From that time on, insists Emerson, who often heard Lincoln thereafter, his style and manner of speech and argument improved greatly and steadily—the result, as the old manufacturer stoutly contended throughout his long life, of Lincoln's connection with the celebrated patent case of McCormick *vs.* Manny *et al.*

Harding and Stanton won. In January, 1856, Justice McLean at Washington handed down a long opinion in favor of the defendants. "The case was argued on both sides with surprising ability and clearness of demonstration," declares the Justice.

When Lincoln received a check for his fee, he "returned it, saying he made no argument, and was entitled to no pay beyond the original retainer." Watson, who "disbursed the funds," again sent the check to Lincoln, insisting that, since he had prepared his argument, "he was as much entitled to the fee as if he had made the argument." Lincoln then accepted.

Not for years did Harding or Stanton change their minds about Lincoln. Harding thus admits the continuance of his prejudice: "When Lincoln was named for President by the party to which I belonged, my disgust was such that I felt I could not vote for him and I did not intend to, but the situation had become so ominous by election day that I finally took a Lincoln and Hamlin ballot, closed my eyes, and with great reluctance dropped it in the box." In the same campaign Stanton, who was an aggressive Democrat, attacked Lincoln with unbridled violence, as a person without sense, manners, or character. Yet he changed his mind, and we shall hear him tell Harding how badly both were mistaken in Lincoln and how supremely great was the man whom they had once insulted. Lincoln, too, remembered them, never for a moment with bitterness or resentment, however, but with understanding and appreciation. As President, he offered one of them the office of Commissioner of Patents and, when a great day came, made the other his Secretary of War.

From "The Woodcut of Today at Home and Abroad," pub. by The Studio, Ltd.

"THE LUMBER JACK"
Woodcut by E. Holgate

With this question the reviewer must leave what has been both a pleasant and an unpleasant duty. It is unpleasant to be compelled by honest conviction to say that the two volumes before us will enhance the fame of neither the author nor his hero. It is pleasant to be compelled by honest conviction to say that the two volumes before us will enhance the fame of neither the author nor his hero. It is pleasant, however, with equal honesty to acknowledge that they will confirm the judgment already justly recorded of the pre-eminent qualities of the one

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Do You Want the Index?

Index and title-page for Volume 149, May 2,-August 29, 1928, of The Outlook, printed separately for binding, will be furnished gratis, on application, to any reader who desires them for this purpose.

as a gifted historical writer and of the other as a noble historical figure.

More Biography

By HARRY SALPETER

Goethe: The History of a Man, by Emil Ludwig. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
This Side Idolatry, by C. E. Bechhofer-Roberts. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

IT is to the Ludwig vogue that we owe the translation today, eight years after the original publication, of the German biographer's "Goethe: The History of a Man," and some will find the obligation of dubious validity. This edition, almost 650 pages long, is but half the length of the original, which must, therefore, have contained a lot of wind. Patent as are the qualities of the edition before us, it will not incite to burning curiosity those who, before opening Ludwig, were cold about Goethe; it may fan to a flickering flame previously existing embers of curiosity. An American writing of Lincoln, say, assumes his greatness; so does a German writing of Goethe. The average American then will find too much assumption in Ludwig's "Goethe" and must accept and discount the fact, as he will accept, as a basic assumption, the greatness of Lincoln, in any but an iconoclastic biography of the President.

In "Goethe" the average American reader will find a high-pitched Lyricism. Ludwig seems to be presenting his discovery of Goethe, rather than Goethe. One is sometimes confused and baffled by a lack of a clear relation of consecutive fact; the chronology is a little mixed. Written at a time when an international Ludwig vogue could hardly have been dreamed of, "Goethe" was written for those who knew their Goetheana so well that they did not need to be reminded of dates. Ludwig's "Goethe" is rather a huge biographical and literary essay, based on these two chief themes, in so far as it may be said to have any thematic substructure: 1. That Goethe's love-life was an important factor in his creative life, determining the context of his work, and 2. That he was what he was by virtue of the fact that he reconciled the struggle within him between his genius and his daemon.

These qualifications out of the way, we may say that this book has brilliant, even glowing, passages; that it is Ludwig's most personal expression in biography; that it does encompass the great German poet in the many-sidedness of his life and work; that, panegyrical as many of the passages sound, the book in its entirety does exhibit the subject in his greatnesses and in his smallnesses. Furthermore, Ludwig does give us a picture of the milieu which was Goethe's background, and portraits of contemporaries who crossed Goethe's path and affected his course. He shows the curve of Goethe's development in his career and in his art and exhibits a sure grasp of the vast mass of data upon which he has erected this structure of a biographical and literary essay. If "Goethe" is not the greatest biography that has come from Ludwig, it is his most personal book.

Ludwig relates the life lived to the creations conceived, shows the many ways in which Goethe was a typical German bourgeois, a provincial official in a small town who cut himself off from the main currents of the time. Ludwig's text justifies the use of the sub-title "The History of a Man," for Goethe could be as small in his personal relations as he could be great in philosophical and poetic expression. We see him envious of Schiller, before he is obliged to accept him. We see him jealous of his petty privileges. He had the cheap pride of intellect which makes a man want to shine in many fields. We see him sucking dry of their scholarship an artist and a scientist. We see him in all kinds of squabbles of the kind which originate in love of power and authority. Bourgeois-poet, he loved his food and his wine; we see him striving to publicize himself at a time when his reputation was assured. We see him apeing the court; he confers the Goethe order, first, second and third class, but he envies Byron his meteor-like career, without wishing to emulate him. At first he is little more than the attendant of the Duke who gave him his life job at Weimar. His obligations make him anti-democrat, anti-revolutionist.

In semi-fictional interludes Ludwig portrays the daily life of Goethe, during various decade-posts of his life, gives us animating descriptions, the testimonies of contemporaries concerning his appearance and bearing, tells us of his relationships with his women, his family, his intellectual peers, those who came to Weimar. To Goethe's relations with Schiller he gives perhaps his most faithful attention. The volume is enriched with quotations from the whole range of Goethe's prose and poetry, his correspondence, his conversations, anecdotes touching him at every stage of his life. "Goethe" is a beautiful and powerful testimony to the power of the poet on the German-speaking people.

(*Please turn to page 917*)

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What Wilson Did To Mexico

(Continued from Page 911)

forced upon President Wilson by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, in a letter dated September 22, 1915, and written in the name of the Executive Council. It reads in part as follows:

"He (Carranza) has been thoroughly in sympathy with the ideas of greater opportunity and freedom for the masses of the people. The working people have been supporting him. They have adjourned as lodges and trade unions to enlist in the Carranza army, with their union officials serving as the officers of their regiments. . . . It is with the desire that we Americans, who have so much liberty and so much opportunity, should use our influence to aid those who are less fortunate, that as representatives of the labor movement of America we urge upon you recognition of General Carranza as head of the Mexican Government."

LATER on evidence will be produced to the effect that the American Federation of Labor, consciously or unconsciously, from the beginning assisted the I. W. W. in all their plots in Mexico.

The character of the Carranza "government" recognized by President Wilson can be determined by the following facts:

Carranza had closed the tribunals of justice, appointing instead a few judges from whom he had exacted the oath of fulfilling and obeying the decrees of the "First Chief." He had suspended all individual guaranties, without recourse against attacks upon liberty, life, property or honor; he had muzzled the press and prohibited under severe penalties political associations and meetings; he had issued a series of decrees amending the Constitution and planting thus the root of the troubles which have lasted to the present day; he had arrogated to himself the right to issue fiduciary money, which ruined the people; he had disorganized entirely all branches of the administration, and was using his position to further foreign entanglements and intrigues which sooner or later will become harmful to Mexico.

None of these facts was unknown to President Wilson. There was, indeed, no reasonable foundation to have recognized a "government" which, in the words of President Wilson, was a factor in driving the Mexican people to the mountains to escape being drawn into unavailing bloodshed, and in starving them.

To sum up: the triumphant revolutionaries split at the very hour of their success, because Carranza was opposed to fulfillment of the promises of the revolution, while Villa wanted the Constitution restored. President Wilson allowed and even encouraged them to fight, until under the pressure of Samuel Gompers, he recognized the Carranzista faction, which had abrogated the Constitution, organized the first Red Army in this Continent, and was preparing to set up the first Red Constitution in the western hemisphere.

Next week the writer will tell the story of Mexican policy while the United States was fighting Germany, and of the rise of Obregon and Calles to power.

What the Farm Crisis Means to a Farm Boy

(Continued from Page 888)

ticket and set out to work my way through college.

NOT so fortunate my sister, Ruth. Graduated from high school at the head of her class, the question of college pounded in her ears. I, as her brother, deeply sensed it. No money availed at home. So I planned to put my sister through, once I had myself graduated. But this purpose fate rudely frustrated. The break in mother's health shattered our hopes. No one remained to cook the meals, to wash the clothes, to care for the home and the family. Ruth went back to the stove and the broom, and college hid its face. Only the next few years will tell whether the farm crisis robs my sister of a college education.

As I left the farm for fairer fields, my brother, Dave, had just passed his ninth birthday. How I hated to leave him alone on the farm as dad's sole help! He entered life's exacting toil at a much younger age even than I. At ten years, he drove the mowing machine, and to this day I marvel that his childish hands escaped injury from the sickle's constant threat. At eleven, his arms bore the cultivator shovels into the ground. Eight grades now count his education. And when I pled with him last year to go on at least to high school, he silenced my voice with his tragic question, "What would dad do without me?"

What then does the farm crisis mean to me? It means blasted hopes and stunted lives. It means a family whose gloomy future is already sorrowfully conditioned by the indelible imprints of the past. It means useless struggle and pathetic tragedy. It has in its venom the barb of cactus and the bite of gall.

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Speaking of Books

(*Continued from page 914*)

MR. BECHHOFER-ROBERTS's book is a prize piece of paradox. Generations of Dickens's readers have been brought up and died in the belief that he was a lovable man, the enemy of cant, humbug and hypocrisy, the champion of the oppressed, the greatest friend of enslaved childhood, as good, as honorable and as true in himself as he was in the books he wrote. He has gone down into the chronicle as the most beloved author of the Victorian age, as he was its most popular. Thousands of Dickensians, organized in clubs in English-speaking countries, give to the man Dickens an affection and loyalty as intense as that which the books evoke. As the novels gave Dickensians a motive for loving their creator, so did John Forster, his authoritative biographer, give them reasons.

This is what Mr. Bechhofer-Roberts has done. He has ripped open Charles Dickens and shown you, with a triumphant gesture, that the inside is of sawdust, unworthy of affection or loyalty. "This Side Idolatry" constitutes nothing less than an attempt to smash the Dickensian tradition. Cast in the form of fiction as it is, it gives the author a license to put serious charges in the words of others, evading the possible responsibility that might be his were his book presented as straight biography. Yet this fact is inescapable; Mr. Bechhofer-Roberts knows his Dickens as a man; he makes no attempt to depreciate or deprecate his work as a novelist. He does explain, to a degree, how heredity and environment did play their parts in fashioning the not altogether unlovable Charles Dickens, for he is shown under conditions wherein his qualities, rather than his defects, shine. If this is the true Dickens, it is a pity we possess him, through the gift of Bechhofer-Roberts, in view of the pleasant possession which the novels of Dickens have for so many years constituted.

Charles Dickens is revealed in this thinly disguised novel called "This Side Idolatry" as vain, arrogant, grasping, inconsiderate, selfish, cruel, as volatile as a prima donna and psychologically effeminate, suffering from a Cockneyish vulgarity in speech and manner; unjust, tactless and morally cruel to his wife, unthoughtful of father and mother, virtually dishonorable in his business relations with publishers, a contemptible snob in his relations with those who were a cut above him socially and thoughtless of any claims of dis-

(*Please turn to page 918*)

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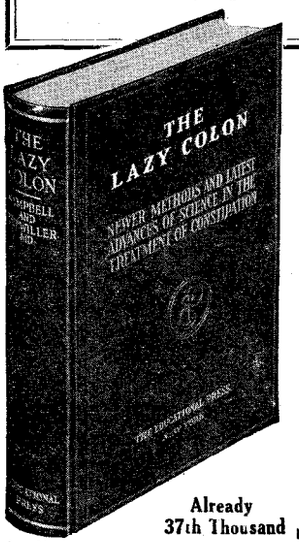

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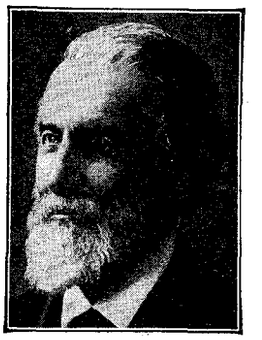

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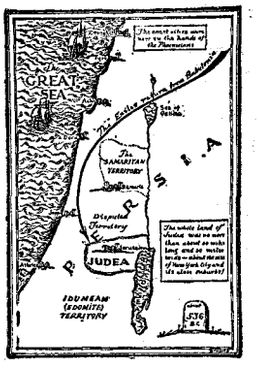

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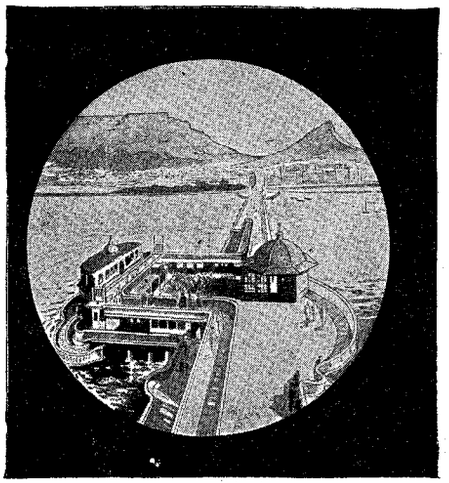

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

A Hangman's Diary
Appleton

The Diary of Master Franz Schmidt, who was public executioner of Nuremberg from 1573 to 1617, and in line of duty executed 361 persons. It is a record of unpleasant crimes, unpleasantly punished—a dry, unemotional list of beheadings, hangings, and occasionally drownings and executions on the wheel. Historically, as showing the methods of dealing with criminals and the manner in which the punishment was made to fit the crime, it has considerable interest. Occasionally, too, an emotion of one kind or another is roused in the reader, as when on June 16, 1601, a thief was beheaded as a favor because he had lain long in prison, or when The Shepherd of Weyr was flogged out of town because in order to carry on an affair with a peasant's daughter he had played the ghost in the house. The essay on criminal procedure in the Middle Ages which precedes the diary gave facts which, to us, were more interesting than the diary itself—as for instance that tortures were paid at only half the rate paid for exceutions. One would think that the latter, taking less time and involving less wear and tear on the executioner's nerves, would receive less pay. However, Master Franz had very few nerves, and it was his skill with the sword which was his chief asset. A bungled execution was a serious matter for the executioner, and the mob frequently stoned an unskillful operator.

J. D. Beresford's
The Instrument of Destiny
Bobbs-Merrill

Gregory Fytton was having one of his periodical dying spells. He had summoned his family to his bedside. But the family was, quite excusably, a little skeptical. They had been summoned before. Nevertheless they went, suppressing the vague hope that this time he might go through with it and by the terms of his will—for he was a rich man—leave them the money which they all so desperately needed. And then one afternoon when the nurse was absent someone popped a cyanide crystal in the old gentleman's mouth and he abruptly and quite against his intention joined his ancestors. Whose hand was the instrument of destiny? There were half a dozen people in the house who had much to gain by his death. It's not an exciting story, but it is well written, and the solution, we believe, will surprise you.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 917)

tinction which were not ratified by popular success.

We are introduced to the long line of Dickensian characters, as they emerge first in the life, before Dickens works them over for copy. We see Sam Vale before he becomes Samuel Weller. We know that John Dickens, the novelist's improvident father, is going to be Wilkins Micawber, but we did not know, until "This Side Idolatry," that the novelist inserted an advertisement to the effect that he would no longer be responsible for his father's debts, nor that the great friend of children, the author of "A Christmas Carol," insisted upon the imprisonment of a little Cockney girl because she had used profane language in the presence of his children. We are as much as told that Dickens's only motive in going to America was to use his influence for an international copyright which would protect him from piracy. We see him making a vulgar fool of himself in flirtation and wounding to the raw his intelligent, sensitive wife, Kate, for whom, indeed, the greater part of this book is a justification, for we see how much and on how many occasions she suffered from his spoiled temper, his exactions, his neglect, and his emotional dependence on other women, less discriminating, who thought he was just "wonderful" and told him so to his face. We see him first courting, then contemning, those whose acquaintance it had once been advantageous for him to make. We see him putting the screws on his publishers, breaking his contracts, capitalizing his love of the lecture platform, despising John Forster while he used him to run his errands.

We care for Dickens as a boy, as a young man in love, as a hard-driven newspaperman, in the first flush of his first success; in short, before he has succeeded. The author of "This Side Idolatry" has shown us that Charles Dickens was only human, a little more dull than the glowing image of him which Dickensians would like to cherish. It is the fate of the admired to be shown up, and, in order that the paradox may be whole, it is the fate of those who have been contemned to be shown as better than they were thought. In biography this is the decade of image-breaking and of rehabilitation. We are a perverse generation of biographers.

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Here, close by, but away from the whir of the town, you will find a quiet, restful inn amidst 12 acres of big trees, and where woodsy walks abound, besides comfortable rooms and excellent food. Write for booklet. Open all year. G. N. VINCENT, Boonton, N. J.

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VINE COTTAGES—Virginia Hot Springs, Va., near medicinal baths, and Homestead Hotel, privilege of golf, tennis, swimming, horse back, moderate, excellent.

BOARDERS for Autumn—bright sunny rooms, hot-water heat—excellent food—moderate rates. Misses Tabb, 411 West Clifford St., Winchester, Va.

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The CAMLIN, Seattle's most distinguished hotel. Smartly correct in guest facilities and service at sensibly moderate rates. Illus. brochure on request. H. L. BLANCHER, Mrg.

Real Estate

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To Lease or For Sale
Artistic 5-room **furnished bungalow**, Carmel Woods, **Carmel, California.** Ten minutes walk from beach. Garage, fireplace, electric stoves, hot water heater, and range. Box 4, Palo Alto, Calif.

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TO RENT
Furnished or **unfurnished** in **Cranford, New Jersey,** 17½ miles from New York, October first a very attractive cozy apartment, sunny, first floor, in lovely home, bedroom, bath, kitchen, dining-sitting room, open grate fireplace, lovely view from every window, additional bedroom if desired, garage; adults, references required. 479 Outlook.

Real Estate

North Carolina

TO RENT Tryon, North Carolina
In the Blue Ridge
Unusual story-and-a-half bungalow, furnished, 4 bed rooms, 2 screened porches, 2 baths, maid's toilet, fireplace, vapor heat, coal and electric ranges, garage, mountain-view. $900 for 8 months. Owner, Miss S. 1923 E. 7th St., Duluth, Minn.

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Consists of two rimmed lenses in neat leather case, slips into vest pocket, weighs only 1½ ounces. Gives 6 diameters magnification. Money back if not satisfied. Send $2 today to BUFFALO OPTICAL CO., Dept. TO-1, 574 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer. Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Young woman of experience and modern training to teach primary children in a small private day school. Good opportunity for advancement. Apply immediately to Mattatuck School, 94 Columbia Boulevard, Waterbury, Conn.

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PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrels, comedy and talking songs, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, juvenile plays and songs, musical reading, make-up goods. Catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash. Dept. 74, Chicago.

Miscellaneous

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

Little "Ads" That Reach Far

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Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

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With Our Readers

Too Many Shut-In Minds

One day not long ago, I happened to meet with a person who often allows pearls of wisdom to drop from his lips. We were discussing people; their mental idiosincrasies and oddities. He spoke after awhile of listening to my ravings on why people could not see and think more intelligently on public questions like religion and politics, and the much talked of "social-moral-politico-commercial-propaganda-and what have you subject, which for a better name, we call "prohibition."

"I used to wonder," said he, "why so many middle-aged people died in their prime but now I know."

"Well?" I wanted to know.

He smiled a quiet smile; "That's the only way their minds can be changed."

The Outlook is to be commended for its forward looking policy. No periodical that doesn't keep abreast of the times can hope to have much of a following, and what it does have will be the "shut-in" minded kind.

C. F. Distelhurst.

Omaha, Nebraska.

A Sincere Pessimist

I have no hard feelings toward Al Smith. He thinks he is right. He believes he is fighting for the liberty of a nation. But if he is successful, it will not be liberty that shall be reestablished; but slavery that shall be increased. For the worst slavery to which man was ever in bondage is the slavery of sin. And one of the most enslaving of all sins is the drink habit. And the drink habit, though it may not have been stopped by Prohibition, shall certainly not be lessened by its repeal.

And furthermore a victory for Al Smith would not merely mean an increase in the liquor habit, and its consequent enslaving of human souls, and breaking up of families, and poverty and hunger and starvation for little innocent children; but it would also mean that the government would again be brought under the dominating influence of the liquor business, an influence from which it has at least partly broken away, by the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment. Thus, not only will individual slavery be increased; but a national government will again be brought into bondage, and more complete bondage than ever before, to the most corrupt business that ever acquired such power.

Rev. George D. Williamson.

Buskirk, N. Y.

Thank You!

I am not in the habit of complimenting or criticizing otherwise any kind of publication, for I attempt to read, more or less, some portions of sixteen publications but I can't help but say a good word for you folks in the manner which you have treated political matters all the past summer. I am a Republican and shall vote the Republican ticket this November but I can assure you I am a great admirer of Governor Smith and the manner in which you have brought him out just suits me exactly.

Austin Young.

Mermal, California.

Water Power and Governor Smith

To quote from your editorial, "Water Power is another story. Here Governor Smith far outstrips Mr. Hoover, the engineer, both as analyst and in his attack upon this third paramount task of the next President of these United States."

I cannot but believe that Governor Smith knows better than to put the country in the water power business. His associations prove that belief. He can, however, put forth for campaign purposes a dictum that catches the fancy of the unwary, including editors—"Cheap Power". You quote the Governor—"The Government—Federal, State or the authority representing joint States—must control the switch that turns on and off the power so greedily sought by certain private groups, without the least regard for the public good." A figure of speech that means the government must construct the dams and power houses for the development of water power. Pure buncombe!

Our railroads, telephone and telegraph and electric light and power plants are marvels of efficiency and set an example to the world. We may recall with regret the experience of government operated utilities during the war. Heaven forbid that we should suffer again such a debacle and at such a terrible loss. The Muscle Shoals power plant was government-built and is almost as big a failure as the Hog Island shipyards.

F. W. Erickson.

Larchmont, N. Y.

She Likes Them Both But—

I certainly do admire the just way in which you write about the two candidates for the Presidency !!

If I thought that Mr. Hoover could make a better President that Governor Smith I would vote for him regardless of the fact that I am a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat.

(Miss) Irene W. Lovejoy.

Atlanta, Georgia.

Fanatics on Both Sides

Why drag in all this religious stuff? Because a few publicity-seeking preachers have come out in the open, and attacked Smith's views on moral questions would hardly justify holding the Protestant clergy, or even a respectable portion of them, as narrow bigots. The Catholic church is a thoroughly disciplined institution, so we hear nothing political from that source, but it is often the case that those who do the least talking in a political campaign are doing the most effective political work on the quiet. Being myself neither Protestant nor Catholic, but a Jew in religion, I feel that I can say in all fairness that the fanatics are not confined to one side.

S. J. Freudenthal.

Piedmont, California.

Sorry You Feel So!!

From a real influence in the community, it seems to me The Outlook has deteriorated until it is largely only a booster of Governor Smith.

G. A. Martin.

New York City.

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